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CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST

"THE air is black," the Chinese Ambassador to Britain remarked, "with the wings of the chickens coming home to roost." Black indeed. The results of backing the aggressor in China have been as fatal as those of backing the Axis Powers in Europe. We have gained nothing by it and the world has lost civilisation, freedom, peace and hope. The British Government, as Mr. Butler explained in the House on Wednesday, is considering, in conjunction with the French and Americans, what to do about Tientsin, knowing well that the question of handing over four Chinese to the Japanese (which the British authorities properly refuse to do without proper evidence) is only a pretext. Pretexts were also found for invading Manchuria and China and Abyssinia and Spain and Czechoslovakia and Albania. The Japanese have refused a committee to "review the facts" and have blockaded the British concession in Tientsin. Relying on the growing tension which keeps the bulk of the British fleet away from the Far East, the Japanese are beginning a general attack on Western foreign rights and interests. How far they dare go in view of difficulties at home, American alarm and their slow progress in China (it is officially stated in Tokio that it will take another two or three years to liquidate the "Chinese incident") we shall no doubt learn in time.

* * *

Meanwhile in Europe the danger grows. Two months have gone by since the Russian Government after Hitler's occupation of Prague proposed that the interested Powers should meet. The British Government refused that proposal, and it was not until six critical weeks had passed that we offered Russia a plan which the U.S.S.R. could take seriously. Though fear of Germany has driven Mr. Chamberlain into wanting Russian help in case of war, there is still, in Russia and outside, the fear that he only wishes for the alliance in the same sense that the Government wanted sanctions against Italy in 1935. It is easy to believe, that is, that the alliance is a political expedient to be disregarded after it is made. Mr. Strang has gone out to help the British Ambassador to reassure the Soviet Government that Britain is now sincere; the idea is to cut short the exchange of notes

by sending to Moscow a man who " knows the Government's mind." On the surface the difficulty is now the position of the Baltic States. The Foreign Ministers of Estonia and Finland have both rejected the idea of a guarantee, characterising it as a Soviet threat to their independence. But what Russia has asked for is an assurance of support from Britain if Germany threatens her territory directly or indirectly. In reality this is a request for staff conversations and a guarantee of British good faith. If Stalin still believes that Britain might leave the U.S.S.R. in the lurch, he may yet respond to German overtures that he should remain neutral in case of a Nazi attack on the West.

* * *

The German Non-aggression Pacts with Latvia and Estonia and the attitude of the Finnish and Estonian Foreign Ministers add point to Russian fears of a German attack in the Baltic. They may also be taken as a Nazi effort to neutralise the East for an attack in the West. Ribbentrop, whose loathing of Britain is almost pathological, is, we are told, doing his utmost to persuade the Führer to postpone his plans against the Soviet Union and to concentrate his forces for a joint offensive with Italy against the Democratic Powers. Such an attack might begin in a variety of ways, or indeed in several places at once. The Axis has made preparations for a swift onslaught upon Europe, for the occupation of Holland, as well as for war upon France and Britain themselves. Danzig, on which attention is naturally concentrated, is only one square on the chess-board. Poland, which is now accepting considerable contingents of Czech soldiers over the frontier, is not one of the easiest of Nazi objectives. Hitler is experiencing very serious difficulties in suppressing the Czechs.

* * *

The German troop movement in Slovakia may mean that Hitler intends to treat that unhappy remnant of a democratic country as ruthlessly as he has treated Bohemia; it will also improve his position for an attack on Poland and still further strengthen his hold on Hungary. The Hungarians will not like losing the tit-bits of Slovakia Hitler had presented to them, but that is the fate of Hitler's friends, as Mussolini is now discovering. Italy is rapidly becoming a German colony and there is widespread discontent among the population. The drive in Rumania is continuing and report has it that revisionist claims may at any time be forcibly pressed against Rumania by Bulgaria and Hungary simultaneously, with Germany in the background. Hitler sits in the centre ready to press the button and start a push wherever the resistance seems weakest. Germans in London have openly said in the last few weeks that they expect to win Danzig and the Corridor (which means to Poland what the surrender of the Sudeten areas meant to Czechoslovakia) and to make other advances in Europe before the end of this year without a war, and that, it was added, will only be the beginning of the achievement of Germany's ambitions.

* * *

Lord Halifax's speech last week was a significant event. He explained that his object was to counteract the encirclement propaganda which Goebbels is so successfully disseminating in Germany. We understand that it was made in response to an alarming report from Sir Nevile Henderson in Berlin, who urged that Hitler would certainly advance this summer and that some sort of an alliance should be patched up with Russia, while at the same time concessions should be offered to Germany. But would it not make better sense first to make sure of the Russian alliance? Speeches which might have a good effect, given a Russian alliance and a genuine peace bloc, may be disastrous at a time when Germans still believe that Hitler can accomplish anything that he wishes " by a twist " and without a war. Clearly, the most effective propaganda would be to make a genuine alliance of peaceful Powers; it is only on that basis that conversations with Hitler mean anything than another Munich which will involve no disarmament and which will leave him stronger and in a position to make new threats and acquisitions. There is only too much to suggest that the history of last year is to be repeated; the Munich surrender has not made war less likely or less terrible, and discussions about Empire, economic *lebensraum* and the rest of it will only spell disaster unless they are conducted on the basis of a firm agreement and union among the peaceful Powers. The peace bloc does not yet exist.

The Palestine Mandate

The Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations is sitting this week at Geneva. The most important item on its agenda is, of course, the Palestine White Paper, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is there to defend the Government's policy. Neither he nor anyone else at this stage is likely to say anything we have not already heard. The Zionist opposition persists unabated, and all attempts to implement the Government's plan will be met, we are assured, by a resolute policy of " non-co-operation " on the part of the Jews. The Jewish Agency has submitted to the Commission its report for 1938, which continues the tale of economic progress despite all the difficulties, and emphasises once more the benefit the country has derived from Jewish enterprise. But that, alas! is only one side of the picture. It is the political and psychological factors that are the crux of the problem in this country rent between two implacable nationalisms. The Arab Higher Committee maintains its hostility to the White Paper; but the voice of the Mufti is not to be taken as the voice of all the Palestinian Arabs, and it is certainly not that of all the Arabs over the border. The Syrian Arabic press of late has sounded a far more friendly note. That, however, though it may look hopeful on a long view, does not take us appreciably nearer to a settlement.

The Coal Commission Proposes

The new Coal Commission apparently means to take seriously its task of bringing about amalgamation of the existing colliery concerns into larger regional units. The Mining Association, invited to collaborate in drawing up plans, declined, on the ground that it would be difficult for the members of its committee to join " in dealing with the property of others." Accordingly, the Commission has formulated its own proposals, declaring that its purpose is " not to convey decisions, but rather to furnish a basis of discussion and to invite the industry to co-operate in the preparation of plans on agreed lines." The Commission then proceeds to outline proposals which involve the complete amalgamation of all concerns in a number of the smaller coalfields and, in the larger, the creation of

regional amalgamation boards, wherever possible, in existing large undertakings. If the scheme goes through, even the largest coalfields will come under the complete control of not more than half a dozen huge concerns, each covering a compact geographical area. Lancashire, for example, will be in the hands of four such concerns, and South Wales, exclusive of the anthracite area, of eleven at most. Undoubtedly, groupings of this sort should make for higher efficiency; but, as they are to remain in private hands, there is a serious danger both that the closing of "redundant" pits will be carried out regardless of the miners' interests and that the monopolistic power of the coal industry will be greatly increased. Regional grouping has much to recommend it technically; but the coal problem will not be fairly solved till it can be dealt with by a national body in control of the entire industry and able to weigh social and economico-technical considerations in a single balance.

Engineers and Dilution

The Amalgamated Engineering Union, having accepted under protest what its delegates plainly regard as an inadequate wage advance—2*s.* a week, on condition that no further demand is to be made for another six months—proceeded at its Conference this week to consider the future. A further general wage application is to be put forward as soon as the six months are over; and in the meantime the Union is to endeavour to negotiate a satisfactory wage scale for apprentices, on whose behalf the employers have now fully recognised its right to undertake collective bargaining. The Conference was also naturally concerned with the problem of "dilution" in order to meet the needs of the armament programme. Out-and-out opposition to "dilution," backed by the threat of strike action, was proposed and rejected; and in the end the resolution opposed "dilution" altogether only as long as there remained skilled workers unemployed. It was agreed that the Union should negotiate with the Government about means of increasing the supply of skilled labour, especially by means of emergency training schemes. Increased mechanisation in the armed forces complicates the problem by making the army authorities unwilling to exempt skilled engineers from military service; so that an enlarged demand comes simultaneously from industry and from the armed forces. The A.E.U. in these circumstances cannot stand out against all demands for the augmentation of the supply of skilled labour; but its experiences after 1918 will cause it to keep a keen watch on all proposals for dilution and to demand very strict safeguards for the "restoration of Trade Union practices" when the emergency ceases to exist.

The Jumping Farmer

Sir George Stapledon, in the *Times*, expresses the view that the £2 subsidy proposed in the Government's new Agricultural Bill, taken in conjunction with the existing provision for farmers to buy lime and slag at less than market prices, offers real hope for a great advance in the effective use of agricultural land. He appeals to landlords and especially to bankers to do their utmost to enable farmers to take full advantage of the new opportunities, stressing particularly that "in these days of most extraordinary uncertainty the wise farmer is the farmer who . . . can jump in any direction at the shortest possible notice." The power to "jump" from arable to grass land, or the other way, is in Sir George's opinion of vital importance, and can be greatly increased by the provisions of the Bill, if only bankers and landlords will grant the necessary credits. He says that the pastures of the country, good and bad alike, "have sadly deteriorated since 1916," when he studied them on behalf of the Food Production Department. He does not believe that "there is a single field that would not benefit from periodic breaking"—the technique of grassland cultivation has made so much progress that the existing practices over most of the country are obsolete. "Unless landowners, tenants and banks get together on a new basis, Sir Reginald Dorman Smith's innocent announcement of the £2 subsidy will mark the beginning of the end of our landlord-tenant system." And high time too; the logical conclusion to Sir George's argument is that, since the State is called upon to subsidise agricultural development, it ought also to take power to control and direct it in the interest of the whole people.

The Abortion Report

The Inter-Departmental Committee on Abortion has produced a very conservative report. The Majority of the Committee do not see their way to legalising abortion in cases of rape and incest, though Mrs. Thurtle, in a Minority Report, points out that the legal difficulties, on which the Majority excuse themselves, have been satisfactorily overcome in Sweden. Worse still, the Majority are not in favour of spreading contraceptive knowledge in the local health centres; they take no account of the economic reasons for contraception, though they approve of helping women with such advice for reasons of health. One important change recommended by the Majority follows inevitably from the case in which Dr. Bourne was acquitted for performing an abortion when only the health and not the life of the mother was in danger. The Committee agree that therapeutic abortions may be performed in the interest of the mother's health, but they make the unfortunate suggestion that all such abortions must be notified to the public health officer. The whole question of family limitation, as Dr. Malleson points out in her memorandum printed at the end of this Report, is mainly a working-class problem: the well-to-do can always obtain advice. She urges that we should set up in this country Mothers' Welfare Clinics similar to those that already exist in Denmark, where working women could be given free and frank advice about contraception. There are some 90,000 women in Britain who are every year driven to resort to criminal abortion. No criminal law will prevent ignorant and unfortunate women doing irreparable damage to themselves. The only alternative to dangerous and horrible "gutter methods" is to spread scientific knowledge through recognised and properly equipped clinics.

SUMMER READING NUMBER

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a Summer Reading Number. As well as the usual reviews and articles there will be special reviews of summer reading and travel.

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PROFITEERING

HAS anything really effective yet been done to limit armament profits or reorganise the defence supply system? Mr. Chamberlain has made another effort to persuade the public that both problems are being tackled. A Ministry of Supply is being set up; and a Bill to limit arms profits has been prepared. There has been no fundamental change. Mr. Burgin's Ministry is largely the War Office supply department under another name, designed to placate the public and perhaps to frighten manufacturers. The effort to limit arms profits proceeds by very slow and infinitesimally small steps.

There are two ways by which a Government, faced with a capitalist system of production, can call forth a sudden emergency supply of defence materials. It can pour out huge sums of money, bidding against private buyers for materials and services at every stage of production—and also bidding against itself—or it can take control of the necessary sections of the productive system and order that such and such quantities of the materials required should be produced at prices and profit margins laid down as fair by the Government. In the latter case it would be necessary to coerce recalcitrant manufacturers.

This is the fundamental issue around which the whole dispute has revolved since 1935, as it did in 1914–18. The method of bidding in the market for defence material means very high profits, no "interference" with business, and a shortage of essential defence materials. The method of control means adequate supplies, low profits, and interference with the free right of the business man to do as he chooses. Naturally manufacturers, and particularly arms manufacturers, prefer the former method; and throughout the last three years the Chamberlain Government has been defending their interests against the demand for a system that would provide adequate supplies at reasonable prices.

The most radical and efficient solution would have been to nationalise the arms industry, and at the same time to create a comprehensive Ministry of Supply. Nationalisation would have meant that those supplying capital to the arms industries would have done so on a fixed-interest basis; directors and managers would have been paid a fixed fee for their services like everybody else in the industry. It would not have been necessary to bribe the manufacturers with huge profits to increase their plant or turn it over to war production. The Ministry of Supply would have taken over responsibility for the supply departments of all the Defence Ministries; would have decided on priorities in terms of strategic necessities and not of prices and profits; would thus have eliminated bidding of one Government buyer against another; and would have regulated the prices of all important materials for which the Government had to bid against the private buyer. An adequate supply of strategically necessary materials would have been secured, and their prices need not have been forced up far above the cost of production. This was the lesson of the 1915–19 Ministry of Munitions.

Neither in the existing Ministry of Supply, nor in the proposed profits legislation, have we got anything of this kind. Mr. Burgin is responsible for about £100,000,000 only of the £600,000,000 of expenditure on defence. He has power, however, to order manufacturers to produce the necessary materials; he can fix prices where he considers necessary; and he can in the last resort take over in the name of the Government, and run, the factories of those manufacturers who refuse to meet Government demands. Drastic powers have thus been created, but directed to a very limited part of the problem.

Once again Mr. Chamberlain has solved for himself pressing political problems by a half-hearted advance. He has relieved Mr. Hore-Belisha of the embarrassing task of obtaining adequate recruits and adequate supplies at the same time. He has altered the system where the failure of supplies, as, for instance, in the case of anti-aircraft guns, Territorials' equipment and fire-fighting apparatus, had been most spectacular. He has given the public the impression that the Supply Ministry long demanded by expert critics had been set up, and he has created a threat by which an exceptionally recalcitrant manufacturer could be coerced, while the rest are assured that the Government will not seriously interfere.

None of the real deficiencies has been remedied, and methods found essential in 1915 have not been applied. Mr. Burgin cannot plan the whole of the Government's defence expenditure, or survey the whole problem of priorities coherently, or prevent bidding by one Government department against another. In failing to tackle the problem of departmental jealousy, and in particular Treasury authority, the Prime Minister has again sacrificed the true needs of defence to a short-sighted political shrewdness.

In the essential matter of personnel, the present Ministry of Supply falls lamentably short of what experts have all along demanded. The success of the war-time Ministry of Munitions was largely due to one thing—the appointment as Minister of the ablest and most energetic man in the Government, who was at once independent of departmental and business jealousies, though determined to use on his staff business men of experience and intelligence, as well as civil servants from the Defence Ministries. There is no evidence that anything of this kind has been done in the present case. The advisory panel of business men set up by Mr. Chamberlain last autumn (as a political device to avoid the establishment of a Ministry of Supply) is still in being. Neither it nor Mr. Burgin's Ministry has the power or scope to conceive of our defence problem as a comprehensive problem of industrial organisation in the manner that the Ministry of Munitions was compelled to in 1915–18.

Least effective of all have been the Government's efforts at limiting arms profits. If there was to be no outright purchase of the industry by the Government, there was all the more reason to limit profits from the first—not to promise to limit them in war-time. Such limitation is far more difficult than outright nationalisation; and the genuine difficulties which have appeared must be attributed to the initial refusal to nationalise the industry outright.

You can limit exceptional arms profits in two main ways. First, the prices actually paid by the Government for ships, aircraft guns, etc., may be kept down by genuine competitive tendering or by the method of examining actual production costs, and adding on a certain percentage of costs (or a fixed sum) as profits. Secondly, you can tax the profits which the manufacturer actually makes. The first method is the normal peace-time procedure, and the Government has clung to it obstinately, maintaining that

it is a full and sufficient safeguard against profiteering. In fact, there are at least three substantial defects in it. First, it is all too easy in a great number of cases for cost figures to be higher than they ought to be, however conscientious the Government accountants, and even in cases where the cost payments are not made to subsidiaries or associates of the original firm. Secondly, sub-contracting firms cannot easily be controlled in this way, though their profits may be very large. The sub-contractors' profits escape the notice both of Government departments and of the public. They are not thought of as armament firms, and they are often private companies which publish no profits. At present the big arms firms will tell you that it is the sub-contractors who are profiteering.

Thirdly, when there is an enormous increase in output, the method of adding on a certain percentage of costs as profit means that firms which in normal times earn only a small percentage of profit on capital now begin to earn an excessive and unnecessary one. This is why in the last three years the aircraft firms in the "Ring" have been paying dividends of 25 per cent. and more on capital, though successive Air Ministers have assured us that their profits, as before, averaged no more than 5 or 6 per cent. on turnover. Latest dividends are: Hawker-Siddeley, 42½ per cent.; Short, 42½ per cent.; Handley Page, 36⅔ per cent.; Bristol, 25 per cent.; Rolls-Royce, 25 per cent.; Fairey, 15 per cent., tax free. A few months ago Sir Kingsley Wood admitted that the present method of controlling aircraft profits was inadequate, and promised that a new system would be introduced. We have heard nothing more about this.

Direct limitation of profits, other than by limitation of prices in the first instance, is technically somewhat difficult. You cannot easily limit profits or dividends to a certain percentage on nominal capital, because nominal capital may be an almost entirely fictitious figure. And if you take as your limit the average of profits in some standard year or years, you penalise firms which have been earning very low profits in those years—and you subsidise firms which were already doing very well in those years. To overcome these difficulties, the war-time E.P.D. allowed a firm to choose either a minimum percentage on capital or the average profit of the immediate pre-war years as a standard. This was proposed again by Mr. Chamberlain's first N.D.C. in 1937, but was abandoned because it involved the serious practical difficulty of computing the actual past capital expenditure of a large number of firms.

Why did this system work reasonably well in 1915–19 but meet with so much criticism in 1937? Because people cannot kick so hard and so publicly in war-time, and because excess profits were growing so rapidly in the inflationary period of 1915–19 that the tax was felt to represent a sort of rough justice, whereas it would have had much more arbitrary effects in 1937. To-day there is clearly again a much stronger case for it. Despite all the difficulties, profiteering can only be stopped by a limit expressed somehow in terms of a percentage on capital. Although the present N.D.C. (which ignores capital values) has the merit of falling on all firms benefiting directly or indirectly from the defence boom, it cannot differentiate effectively against the firm whose profits have risen a hundredfold simply as a result of the emergency.

In any case, no limitation or taxation of profits of this kind can be regarded as fulfilling the promise to conscript wealth as well as life. The only effective conscription of wealth in this sense would be an annual tax on private capital fortunes, such as the Labour Party proposes, to be substituted for the greater part of our present defence borrowing. This is also the method which would have the most desirable economic and social effects. If we hire capital from the rich instead of raising it by taxation, we shall once more be left with a distribution of incomes weighted even more heavily against the wage-earning class.

FRANCE IS ALL RIGHT

AND so Mr. Strang has gone to Moscow, and we are told that it is going to be all right this time. Sir Nevile Henderson, the British Ambassador in Berlin is said to have sent a sort of S-O-S to London, saying that if the Russian alliance was not concluded at once nothing could stop the Nazis from doing something desperate. Coming from a diplomat who was never known to be prejudiced against the Nazis, his warning is said to have made a big impression on Lord Halifax and even on Mr. Chamberlain; and Mr. Strang has been given a fairly free hand, and instructions to get the job finished somehow. The scope for "consultation" is said to have been reduced to very little, and Russia is to be guaranteed not only against a direct attack, but also against an "indirect" attack—that is, against one launched *via* the Baltic States. On the face of it, everything should work all right now. Unfortunately, the Russians have become extremely distrustful after two months of haggling. Already the semi-official *Petit Parisien* is putting in advance the blame on the Russians for any possible breakdown, by suggesting that all that really interests Stalin is to keep out of war, since war is the only thing that has any chance of breaking up his regime. However, in the opinion of the French Government, the alliance would have been signed long ago but for the attitude of the British Government. Why did not the British Government accept the general "anti-aggression" formula proposed by the French two months ago as the basis for the Tripartite Pact—a formula the Russians were ready to accept—instead of concentrating on every variety of "eventualities" in which the mutual assistance would work? If a hundred such eventualities were to be set down on paper, the Germans were certain to find a 101st constituting a loophole not covered by mutual assistance. No wonder the Russians grew suspicious. "If *I* were a Russian, I am damned if I'd accept the British proposals," a leading French personality peevishly remarked a fortnight ago. And a week ago he went into a rage over "*M. Chamberlain avec ses méthodes d'épicier*,"—"with his grocer's shop methods."

I really believe that the French Government, reflecting public opinion, sincerely want the Russian alliance, and have done their best to get the British Government to be sensible. Their, and especially M. Daladier's policy—and Daladier *is* the French Government to-day—has been perfectly clear on this issue. There has been no sign in Paris of the hesitations, the muddleheadedness of the bad old Munich days, when the French Government was in a worse state of jitters than even the British; and I think one may say that if the Russian talks break down, the French will not in any way be to blame for it. The French have no wild illusions about Russia; they do not think of her as being the proverbial steam-roller. But they do know that the Germans are working desperately hard to prevent the Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance; that they have already made use of the present delays to get a foot into the Baltic States (just as they got a foot into Rumania in March, before Britain had guaranteed Rumania), and that they are reckoning, among other things, on the terrific demoralisation and discouragement that will be caused by the breakdown of the Russian talks in all the countries which have adhered to the Peace Front, or are gradually regaining confidence in the leadership of the Western Democracies.

The French feel this very keenly; and it is remarkable that hardly a single one of the thirty-odd papers in Paris to-day says a single word against the Russian alliance. The *Temps*, which, on the day after Munich, declared that "The Franco-Soviet pact and the Franco-Polish alliance have lost much of their significance," is to-day all in favour of it, complete with the fullest guarantees covering "indirect" aggression through the Baltic States. "It is inevitable that we should take this risk, if a solid peace system is to be built up in Europe."

It is true that Lord Halifax's and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches last week seemed, for a brief moment, to have revived the Appeasement Chorus in France. It did not, however, burst into song, but chirped rather timidly and self-consciously. The good old "Munichois" suddenly felt that here was a chance for them to make a little noise. M. Flandin, at his jubilee on Sunday—the 25th anniversary of his political career—gave a little philosophic twitter about the impossibility of "maintaining the economic *status quo* in the world, still less in Europe," but the emphasis was cautiously put on the word "economic," and on the following day Professor Barthelémy (who, in the *Temps* on April 12th, 1938, caused such a terrific commotion by saying that the French were not going to fight for the Czechs), now came out with a calm, philosophic piece to the effect that "while this hypertension was better than bloodshed," it really could not be allowed to go on indefinitely, and that some kind of arrangement should be arrived at with the Axis Powers. All of which seemed perfectly sound and respectable, except that one could never quite forget all that M. Flandin and M. Barthelémy had been saying a year ago; and one could not help reading all sorts of funny things between the lines. As for M. Marcel Déat, the inventor of the slogan, "Die for Danzig?—No!" was much less discreet than either M. Flandin or M. Barthelémy, and put, as the French say, both his feet in his plate by declaring in an article in the *Œuvre* that all this stuff about the Peace Front was a lot of ballyhoo, that Germany could easily break it up through the Jugoslav gap, and that even if we signed an alliance with the Soviets nobody could persuade the ordinary Frenchman to fight for Latvia or any other place which we had never heard of, and which was not of "vital interest" to him. It must, however, be said that this sort of thing has, so far, at least, not had the slightest effect in France. M. Déat himself was severely sat on at the Congress of the Union Socialiste, which refused to identify itself with his ideas. One of his severest critics there was M. de Monzie, a member of the present Government, and one of those numerous Frenchmen who had absolutely no faith in the Czechs, but have an immense faith in the Poles, and who were pro-Munich last year and pro-Peace Front this year, complete with the Russian Alliance. He disliked Benes personally, and did not think the Czechs "a nation," least of all a nation capable of any serious resistance; whereas the Poles to him are a real nation, a great nation, the heirs of Kosciuszko, and all that. As for the Russians, they may not be a "steam roller," and their military help may be deliberately limited if it comes to the point, but "we must have them on our side." Altogether, there is very little "Munich" pacifism left in France; and even the Paul-Fauristes in the Socialist party represent a traditional, intellectual and doctrinaire attitude rather than the reflection of a widespread movement of opinion in the country; for the man-in-the-street does not believe that Paul Faure's harping on a great international conference for "economic appeasement" is of any practical importance after the reception given in Berlin and Rome to President Roosevelt's proposal to the same effect. They will just *not* leave their swords and pistols in the cloakroom; and that is the real trouble.

One of the reasons why French opinion is now almost unanimously in favour of the Peace Front and the Russian alliance is that the Right have now abandoned Italy as a forlorn hope. "Our natural ally is not Russia, but Italy" was the theme of almost every Right-wing speech and article for years. And nothing would discourage them—neither the Anschluss, nor Munich, and least of all Italian intervention in Spain. The outcry for "Tunis! Corsica! Nice!" came as a shock to these people; but even that did not fully cure them of the illusion that Italy would, sooner or later, abandon the Axis. And as recently as the end of March, Bailby in the *Jour* thundered against the idea of the Russian alliance, and said that the "natural" alliance against Germany was England - France - Belgium - Holland - Spain - Italy-Jugoslavia-Rumania-Poland. And he claimed that the Italians were horrified by the German march into Prague, and that they would gladly enter into such a new alliance. But all this day-dreaming has now been dropped, even by most of the die-hards on the Right; and, although they still dislike a pact with the Soviets, they refrain from saying anything against it. For Spain has been a terrible disillusionment to them, too. And this also applies to the French business class. A prominent French industrialist with important interests in Catalonia was asked, on the day Barcelona fell, whether he was not pleased. "Well," he said, "perhaps my shareholders are going to be pleased, but I don't think France will have much reason to rejoice." And when I met him again the other day he confessed that his shareholders were "thoroughly fed-up," too. And another French industrialist told me, in speaking of one of the most famous mining concerns in Spain: "The Reds made a dreadful mess of it; but it's mere child's play to what Franco's people have done since." And still another French industrialist went to Spain to inquire about the very important French railway property in the North. He was told that no one could say whether the French-owned railways were going to be nationalised or not, and whether, if they were, any compensation would be paid.

Nevertheless, illusions about Spain are not quite dead. In spite of everything, Franco is represented as sitting on the fence, and as proposing to derive every benefit from the battle for influence going on in Spain between the Axis Powers and the others. There is perhaps some truth in the theory that ultimately Franco will back the winner—or rather, that he will not throw in his lot with the Axis Powers against a powerfully constituted Peace Front. But that is the best one can say. It is certainly true that Franco has been impressed by the Anglo-French naval precautions taken in the Western Mediterranean, and has been complaining of "encirclement"; and when Lequerica, the Spanish Ambassador, saw a French Minister the other day, this Minister said to him: "My dear Ambassador, all that encircles Spain is—the sea." Which was, in fact, a nicely phrased little warning. But while the pressure on Gibraltar and Tangier has relaxed, one cannot be quite certain about anything yet. Can the Balearics be effectively neutralised in case of war? And what of the German submarine bases in the North of Spain? And what are the hundreds of German and Italian aeroplanes still doing in Spain?

From the French "home front" there is very little to report. Daladier's authority continues unimpaired; and even a very, very Left person I saw the other day said: "He's really making a smart job of it. His ideas on foreign policy are sound, and at home he manages things with a minimum of friction. I think we have been under-rating him, or maybe he has himself grown up a lot." And nobody is bothering about whether Parliament sits or not—and small wonder. It has spent the last month indulging in hairsplitting discussions on P.R. and the *prorogation* of the Chamber's mandate, and has not been able to arrive at any conclusion yet. It's no use denying it: Parliament has fallen into terrible disrepute in France, partly through its own fault. And the Government is accepted as a *salut public* Government—which is not contrary to French tradition. And as the same very, very Left person remarked to me: "So long as the man-in-the-street is allowed to go on reading his *Canard Enchaîné*, with jokes of how a great demonstration was organised in Bonnet's honour at Southampton by the solitary railway porter to whom he had given a bob, he will continue to feel that he lives in a free, democratic country. As for parliamentary debates, *il s'en fout*."

Paris, Tuesday. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

ON the personal side at least the royal visit to Canada and the United States has been a big success. Make all the allowance you like for snobbery and the general tendency to lose one's head about royalty; it remains true that the Queen especially made a remarkable impression. The reception was, of course, different in the two countries. In Canada, the visit came at a very convenient moment as a diversion from political bickering over federal powers, isolation *versus* intervention, and the extravagances of the padlock laws and the Puritan reaction in French Canada. A friend of mine who watched the royal processions in Quebec and Montreal and has just returned, tells me that the visit was acclaimed on all sides, even by the French Canadians—who were first instructed not to show great enthusiasm for the King and Queen of England. Then the King and Queen spoke in French, and there was an outburst of enthusiasm. The King's speeches were admirably phrased to remind Canada that she owned the throne just as much as the United Kingdom, and they wisely emphasised Canada's position as part of a great democratic America. Within two hours of Their Majesties' first drive up the Quebec streets, the Canadians were going all out to use the visit to reinforce the lesson of domestic unity. And the reception was the same all over the country. English people seldom pause to reflect that Canada is only a thin red line across North America, thickest in population down the St. Lawrence valley, where all the Canadians are French, and thinning out as it crosses the prairies of the north-west territories. There are only eleven millions altogether from ocean to ocean. Nearly half of these are of non-British origin—French, Scandinavian, Hungarian and Polish. All of them saw the reigning King and Queen for the first time and even the almighty Catholic hierarchy of the French province of Quebec was amazed at the spontaneous enthusiasm that greeted them.

* * *

It is difficult to sort out the political from the personal. But the first thing that struck people's imagination, both in Canada and the United States, was the royal capacity for hard work. An American reporter, caught off his guard by the King, said: "Your Majesty can sure take it!" This human appeal came first in both countries and it seems to have swamped for the time at least the anti-monarchical feeling which has survived, except in the Eastern States, ever since George III. It is not after all many years since Mayor Thompson won power by demanding that King George should keep his snout out of Chicago. (You will remember that he showed some confusion of mind at the time about whether he was referring to George III or George V; when asked this simple question, he replied: "Hell, is there two of them guys?") Anyway, it remains true that the sceptre and crown have no symbolic appeal in America and that it was the human appeal that went over to the most quickly keyed up people in the world. A custodian at the World's Fair said to my informant: "They'll sure need all the protection we can give 'em. They'll have one helluva time, anyhow. Gees, I can't sleep when I go *one* night in a train!" Because it is this kind of thing the people think about when they cheer royalty, I am not disposed to ridicule the amazing triviality of Mrs. Roosevelt's comments which have been published in the *Evening Standard*. A well-known and sharp-tongued American woman once remarked in my hearing: "Every time that Eleanor Roosevelt opens her mouth, a flannel petticoat drops out!" But Mrs. Roosevelt's flannel petticoats are good journalism. The intimate detail that is yet respectable and conventional is just what the public likes.

* * *

On the other hand, many warnings have reached me (one by the first American Clipper to bring mails across) lest we in this country confound the zeal of the American and Canadian welcomes with political support for British policies. First, in Canada the royal couple were repeatedly told by Canadian authorities that they were welcomed as the monarchs of the Dominion itself, and that alone. Secondly, in the U.S.A. both before, during, and after the visit, there have been ominous political rumblings about being dragged into European squabbles at royalty's skirts. (Mr. Mackenzie King has met the same complaint in Canada.) There was criticism of this kind in a Senate committee the day before the couple arrived in the capital. The visit seems to have been the greatest success in precisely that sphere where monarchy exerts its strongest pull everywhere—the psychological, in which curiosity vies with human sympathy. Just for that reason we should not rate the political effects of the visit too highly.

* * *

I am extremely sorry that Sir Samuel Hoare, who cares about penal reform, should have been forced to leave the question of flogging to a free vote of the House of Commons. No subject was ever better examined. I wish I could believe that the Tory M.P.s who will decide the matter will read the committee's report on the subject with its full consideration of the effects of flogging and the results of its abolition in other countries. But if Sir Samuel has been forced to give way to the clamour of the Conservative women who refused even to listen to the evidence can one expect their husbands to withstand their influence?

* * *

Not long ago Mr. W. R. Macartney sued Mr. Harold Nicolson for libel, because of a statement in a review (of another book) in the *Daily Telegraph* about his book *Walls Have Mouths*. Nicolson had said the book did "immeasurable harm" and was "wholly unfair"; the paragraph was held to be fair comment on a matter of public interest and Macartney lost his case. On the point of fact Mr. Nicolson was mistaken. There were "unfair" passages in *Walls Have Mouths*, but that the book, as a whole, did good I can affirm on the most authoritative testimony. But on the libel action I am wholly with Mr. Nicolson and I am surprised that the official organ of the Society of Authors discusses the case in terms which, while they carefully refrain from committing the Society to any opinion, indicate sympathy for Macartney's side. "No one can blame Mr. Macartney," it says, and adds, "A reviewer may hold a book up to ridicule, hatred and contempt without fear of the consequences." At the risk of offending a Society for whose work I have the greatest respect I must say that one can blame Mr. Macartney for taking the action, and welcome the court's decision. The right of reviewers to comment on books with complete freedom is of vital importance and it is frequently and properly used for conveying criticisms and opinions which have a wider importance than mere literary verdicts. If freedom of speech were limited any more, it would be writers of books like *Walls Have Mouths* who would be the worst sufferers.

* * *

Mr. Park is a great bee-keeper. He is sentimental about bees and quite impervious to their stings. Yesterday he had a small cut in his eyelid; he explained that he had just dug a bee-sting out of the side of his eye with his knife and that his arms were still full of them. Two swarms had tried to occupy the same territory in a neighbouring farm house; he had gone to collect the swarms and found them fighting fiercely. They had taken a lot of getting because they were in a narrow slit behind a pipe. But they were fighting all over the roof, "wrestling and buzzing and falling off the roof on to the ground in scores. You could have swept up a peck of dead bees off the ground underneath." Then he went on to repeat the old superstition about "telling the bees." Bees, he said, were remarkably sensitive to the death of the man who owned them. If the owner died you had to take the key of his house and tap on each hive and say "So-and-so is dead." If you failed to do this all the bees would disappear in a few days. They would die or go away and "no one would see them go." When you took the key and told the bees their owner was dead, the queen would come out and hover round outside for a minute as if she were going

off and then she would go back. If you said nothing you would lose all your bees, as had happened to a friend of his who had forgotten to tell the bees when the master died. I pressed him for evidence. "It's been proved times out of number," he said. And what happened if you told the bees falsely when no one was dead? Were the bees deceived? Did the queen come out and hover round just the same? "No," he said, "you could not deceive them like that." He had not tried himself, but he knew a man who had. Anyway, there was no doubt about it; you must tell the bees; it had been proved times out of number. I believe a considerable ritual about "telling the bees" exists in various parts of the country. It was new to me at first hand, described with simple faith only an hour from London.

* * *

I am making a list of things they did *not* say. It is an idea for a competition.

I'm making Neville a sunshade for the summer.—Mrs. Chamberlain.

Finnegan's Wake is just another I.R.A. outrage.—James Agate.

There has never been any possibility of war—The *Daily Express* said so and Hitler has followed.—Lord Beaverbrook.

By mistake I once swallowed a slug in a salad, and it has been on my conscience ever since.—Mr. Bernard Shaw.

My daffodils dance on with broken hearts.—Mr. Beverley Nichols.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. E. Wollman.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Can anyone recommend school, boy 14, where reincarnation is accepted and astrology understood?—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

3. Page 32. Section 28, paragraph 3, line 6.—*For* "get out of it at once" *substitute* "avoid it if the tactical situation admits."—*Infantry Training.*

It was pure coincidence therefore that the three statements were made on the same day; and it was in fact felicitous proof of the unanimity of the Cabinet—which incidentally Sir John Simon had been praising—that they all followed very much on the same lines.—*Times* leader on speeches by Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax and Sir John Simon.

The committee does not agree that abortion should be allowed merely because a girl is under 16, or in cases of incest or where a hereditary disease might be transmitted.—*Daily papers.*

I am not sure that it would not help things if the House of Commons were going on holiday for a bit. The Ministry now in power in France has taken powers which really let them run the country on their own without any interference by Parliamentary parties. The whole of the country is falling into line behind them. That is what we want in this country.—Lord Bayford, who presided at the annual conference of the Association of Conservative Clubs.

THE CONQUEST OF THE ZUIDER ZEE

HOLLAND has the unique and proud distinction of being the one country to add to her territory not by destructive warfare with her neighbours but by overcoming the physical forces of the sea. When the Romans invaded the country of the Frisians they found a flat land covered with thick forests and interspersed with many lakes. This was bounded to the north by a line of sand dunes now represented in part by the West Frisian Islands. In the early centuries of the Christian era, a sinking of the land, aided by denudation by rivers which drained it, led to inundation by the sea. The line of sand dunes was breached between what is now the point of North Holland and the Island of Texel, and the water poured through and over the flat land behind. During succeeding centuries the sea penetrated further and further into the country and finally divided the once broad province of Friesland into a smaller western and a larger eastern portion. Between these extended the wide and shallow waters of the Zuider Zee.

In the course of the seventeenth century West Frisia, now the province of North Holland, was drained, the lakes and pools of which it had formerly largely consisted being converted into a system of "polders" or reclaimed lands. Further incursion by the sea was checked, and the Zuider Zee appeared as an apparently permanent embayment in the coast of northern Europe. Over its waters sailed the great Dutch fleets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on their way to the ports of Amsterdam and Hoorn.

But the Dutch have a saying "God made the sea, but the Hollander made the land." It is a proud boast, but justified by the success of their unending struggles with the sea. It was in the spirit of this saying that they embarked, in the years which followed the war, upon the greatest of their campaigns against their old enemy, upon the conquest of the Zuider Zee. First an embankment was constructed around a wide area of shallow water on the western side of the opening of the Zuider Zee. The water was then pumped out and, in 1929, the Wieringermeerpolder was completed and added to the territory of North Holland. Over its surface, fifteen feet below the level of the sea, fertile cornfields and rich pasture lands now extend.

Then the supreme feat was attempted of constructing a dyke across the mouth of the Zuider Zee from the northern end of this polder north-eastward to the coast of Friesland. In 1932 this was successfully completed, and to-day one may travel the twenty-two miles from North Holland to Friesland along a wide motor road. This is bounded on the one side by a high, sloping rampart which represents one of the supreme engineering achievements of all time. To the north lies the Wadden Zee, stretching between the dyke and the Frisian Islands, to the south what was once the Zuider Zee but has now become the Yssel Lake.

At the present time work is being pushed forward on the first of three immense polders which will eventually occupy the greater part of the former Zuider Zee. From the coast of Friesland and the islands of Urk and Schokland dykes are being built which will form the boundaries of the North-east Polder. This will, at a cost of sixteen million pounds, add some 120,000 acres to the province of Friesland.

This conversion of a shallow arm of the sea into an enclosed lake is biologically of the greatest interest. The Zuider Zee was a unique environment for life. Owing to the great inflow of fresh water the salinity was much lower than that of the open sea, just as it is at the mouths of estuaries. But whereas this brackish water zone in estuaries is very limited in extent, it covered some 1,400 square miles in the Zuider Zee. In the very short period of its existence—biologically speaking—it had come to support a typically brackish water assemblage of animals and plants, many of them distinct from those found either in the sea or in fresh water. They included a number of unique species which must have evolved or been introduced since the Zuider Zee was formed.

The effect of constructing the dyke has been gradually to convert this wide stretch of enclosed water into a fresh-water lake. To-day the water is fresh enough to drink—a very important matter in a country where the provision of adequate supplies of water for domestic purposes has long been a problem. The salinity increases locally after the construction of polders owing to the rapid seepage out of salt from the drained soil, but continual passage of water outwards through the great sluices in the dyke soon reduces the salinity. Dutch naturalists are keeping a close watch on the changes in the fauna and flora. The great bulk of the former inhabitants, representing in the main animals and plants of marine origin which have acquired the capacity for life in brackish waters, have completely disappeared. The plaice, herring and anchovy, once the objects of important fisheries, have gone and the fishermen of Marken have had to migrate to fishing villages outside the dyke. Of the original fish only the smelt and the

eel flourish, but gradually fresh-water fish, such as carp and perch, are colonising the vacant waters. Most of the unique species have disappeared, their short period of existence ended. The brown and red sea weeds which formerly flourished have all gone ; one green sea weed alone remains, but great meadows of fresh-water weeds are extending outwards from the mouth of the River Yssel.

The porpoises which once abounded were trapped and asphyxiated under the ice which covered the Yssel Lake during the first winter after the dyke was finished. There remains the seal colony which breeds on the island of Urk, and this, in the opinion of the Dutch, may persist and its members become fresh-water in habit like the seals in some of the lakes in Finland, which must originally have been separated from the Baltic by natural agencies.

The rapid destruction of the original population upset, for the time being, the balance of nature. The harlequin fly, which breeds in fresh water, was soon able to do so in the Yssel Lake. The aquatic stage consists of the so-called " blood worm," which lives in the mud on the bottom. Normally these are eaten by fresh-water fish and their numbers controlled. But in the period before these fish were able to establish themselves the blood worms flourished unchecked and gave rise to countless millions of adult flies. There were periods when motoring over the dyke became impossible. Radiators were rendered useless by a caked mass of flies which blocked all the openings. But with the gradual appearance of the enemies of the worms these plagues have grown less.

The construction of the Zuider Zee dyke has thus had the incidental effect of providing a large-scale experiment in nature. It has revealed what happens when a vast expanse of water is converted from brackish to fresh-water conditions. The Yssel Lake of the future, reduced greatly in area when all the projected polders are constructed, will probably be a reed-bordered lake rich in fresh-water life but retaining a few curious inhabitants. There will probably remain a barnacle, a crab and the seals constituting a relict fauna indicative of the connection with the sea in the days before the Dutch achieved the greatest of their many conquests over their supreme enemy.

C. M. Y.

IF HUMAN BEINGS WERE HORSES

" AH," said a friend to me, after studying a photograph of the Ascot races, " if we only bred human beings with as much care as we breed horses, what a difference it would make ! In a few generations men and women would become almost as well worth looking at as horses." It was not an original thought. If I remember right, Mr. Shaw once wrote in favour of improving the breed of human beings on the lines followed by the great racehorse owners. Certainly the horse is a powerful argument for the necessity of a sound, even a brilliant, ancestry. When a horse wins the Derby, the experts can usually produce a pedigree, showing that he comes of stock which has produced horses of genius for half-a-dozen or more generations. Blue Peter's chance of winning the Derby was doubted only by those who suspected that one of his ancestors was not a true stayer, or who remembered that his father was liable to attacks of nerves. In other respects, however, he was admitted to be the brilliant descendant of all kinds of brilliant forefathers and foremothers.

Whether human beings could be bred in such a way as to ensure the transmission of great gifts from one generation to another is a question to which I do not know the answer. Few men of genius seem to have been a great success as fathers. None of the great English poets has had a son who was a great poet. This is no argument against the importance of breeding, for the mates of men of genius are not chosen as carefully as the mates of racehorses. The breed of racehorses would quickly degenerate if as little regard were paid to the choice of a brilliant mate as is often the case in human marriage. It is, perhaps, because of this carelessness in the choice of wives that so few families are conspicuous for great talents in succeeding generations. There has never been a family, for example, in which literary talent was hereditary for so long a period as musical talent was hereditary in the family of the Bachs.

I took up the *Encyclopaedia* to find out how long this period was, and I learned that " the Bach family was of importance in the history of music for nearly two hundred years." It seems to have begun with Veit Bach in the sixteenth century, a baker and miller, " whose zither," it is said, " must have sounded very pretty among the clatter of the mill wheels." His son became a professional musician, and his grandson had two sons who " are among the greatest of J. S. Bach's forerunners." Another grandson was the grandfather of the great Bach. Of the family as a whole we are told that " through all the misery of the peasantry at the period of the Thirty Years' War this clan maintained its position and produced musicians who, however local their fame, were among the greatest in Europe. So numerous and so eminent were they that in Eafurt musicians were known as ' Bachs,' even when there were no longer any members of the family in the town." Of Bach's own sons, moreover, five became musicians—surely the most remarkable instance of inherited talent on record.

It is possible, but not probable, that the Bachs were more than usually wise in their choice of wives. It is also possible that succeeding generations adopted music as their profession, not merely as a result of inherited talent, but because of the musical environment in which they grew up. Still, many families have grown up in a musical environment without producing a breed of Bachs. The sons of great poets are commonly brought up in a bookish environment, but few, if any, of them have written great literature.

There are some people who maintain that, though talent may be hereditary, genius is not. Clever parents produce clever children, they say, but genius seems to exhaust something in the stock ; and, when a man of genius appears, his descendants are likely to be no abler than the children of ordinary men. I doubt generalisations of this kind. It is clear enough that genius of a particular kind cannot be transmitted ; but it is probable that, in the family of a man of genius as well as in the family of a man of talent, great abilities can. Still, even among racehorses, however carefully the parents are chosen, there is no certainty of the transmission of talent. Again and again we hear of a rich man or woman spending thousands of pounds on a beautifully bred yearling only to discover that the animal is not worth its keep. On the whole, however, so far as I have been able to discover, the theory of breeding for quality works out admirably in the world of horses. If human beings were horses I should be in favour of it for them, too.

My friend who drew morals from the Ascot photograph, however, might have gone on to point out that breeding is not enough, that training is also important, and to have asked whether human beings are as carefully trained as horses. In some cases, no doubt, they are ; but in many cases, it is probable, much less regard is paid during training to the individuality of the human being than to the individuality of the horse. The trainer of a horse has to find out exactly what the horse is capable of doing, and how he likes to do it, and to educate him, not according to a mechanical theory of what horses ought to do, but according to what he knows of the horse's temperament. I speak as an ignoramus, but I have been told that there are horses that must be allowed to run their own kind of race, and that are almost certain to lose if a determined jockey tries to impose his will on them. Other horses—so I have been told—cease to race if they are allowed to get in front too soon, and others like to be in front all the way. Some respond at a crisis to the whip : some the whip merely makes stubborn. There are horses that lack courage when overtaken, and other horses whom a challenge near the winning-post inspires to redoubled efforts. All such things

the trainer has to take into account, and it is only by taking them into account that he earns the title " wizard " in the sporting press.

The principles of horse-training are applied to the education of human beings to-day much more widely than they used to be. Imagine what a difference it would have made, when Shelley was at Eton, if there had been a master as wise in the art of training as Fred Darling or Joe Lawson. On the other hand, since human beings are not horses, I wonder whether Shelley would have been a better poet as a result. It is possible that a conventional education against which he rebels may be the best education for a poet. His individuality becomes stronger because of its struggle for existence against a system that tries to reduce it to a common measure. I doubt whether any poet's genius would benefit if he were trained by schoolmasters and professors for a poetic career as carefully as a horse is trained for the Derby. The human being, I fancy, is by nature more rebellious than the horse; and it may be that poets are most fortunate when in early life they are encouraged only by their friends and discouraged by nearly everybody else.

The more I think of Ascot, indeed the more doubtful I become that it can teach us anything about the breeding and training of human beings. After all, in a democratic country a human being is brought up to be partly free, whereas in all countries a horse is brought up to be largely a slave. The chief question that arises about the training of human beings is whether they are likely to make a better use of their freedom after a course of the old Victorian discipline or after leading unrepressed lives in the most modern type of school. I am myself in favour of discipline. I resisted it, I confess, so far as I safely could, but I think it did other boys good without doing me any harm. I am sure I should not have liked to be allowed to do what I liked. If I had been, I should never have turned up at school till after lunch, if even then, and so should have missed reading Plato's *Apology* and the company of some admirable, schoolmasters. Still, there may be something to be said for the new theories of education. Almost all systems of education, it seems to me, produce excellent human beings. I dislike boarding-schools in theory, but how admirable a type of citizen often emerges from them! If we knew as much about human beings as trainers know about horses, we might devise an ideal system of education. But we do not. That is why, though the trained horse is always better than the untrained horse, the untrained human being is occasionally better then the trained human being. It is also why you will never have at Ascot human beings as perfect in their way as the horses on which they lose their money.

Y. Y.

WITHOUT COMMENT

1936

The report that Germany and Italy were to give help to Gen. Franco was denied in both Rome and Berlin last night. In Rome it was stated: " Italy has already announced her intention of remaining strictly neutral in the Spanish civil war."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 30th, 1936.

With regard to Italian intervention the following facts have been established.

A formation of eighteen Italian military aeroplanes proceeded to Gen. Franco's base. Fourteen reached their destination. Four made emergency landing on French territory in Northern Africa. The marks of recognition on these four 'planes had been painted over. Nevertheless, they could be identified as Italian military 'planes that had been part of the Italian Air Force a few days previously.—*Manchester Guardian*, August 5th, 1936.

The German Government have informed the French Government that they will put an embargo on the export of arms and war materials to Spain into immediate operation.—*Times* (Berlin Correspondent), August 28th, 1936.

Whatever the result of the neutrality talks among the Powers it can now be stated that the insurgent forces have already received sufficient war material and assistance from outside to carry their campaign to victory.—*Morning Post* (Special Correspondent at Perpignan, August 23rd, 1936), August 24th, 1936.

1937

In reply to a question by Mr. Noel-Baker, Mr. Eden said: " The text of the notes recently addressed by the German and Italian Govts. to H.M.G. have been made public. It will have been observed that both Governments declared themselves favourable in principle to the prohibition of the despatch of volunteers to Spain. H.M.G. have expressed their appreciation of the helpful nature of these and other replies."—*Hansard*, February 1st, 1937.

Miss Wilkinson asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether he has received any information with regard to the landing of a further contingent of Italians who passed through the Straits on 7th March and landed in Spain on 8th March; and whether he has by now any information as to landings of Italians in the last days of February?

Viscount Cranborne replied: " No, Sir."

In reply to a further question by Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Attlee, as to the reasons for such " ignorance " on the part of the Foreign Office and as to what was the provision for getting information on these important events, Viscount Cranborne said: " I think the answer is that information that appears in the papers is not always correct."—*Hansard*, March 15th, 1937.

In reply to a question by Capt. McEwen as to whether he is now in possession of any information regarding the alleged landing of 1,500 German troops at San Sebastian on 27th April, Viscount Cranborne said: " Since the reply given to my right hon. Friend to a question by the hon. Member for Wolverhampton East (Mr. Mander) on 5th May last, I have received a report from the British Vice-Consul at San Sebastian to the effect that he could obtain no confirmation whatsoever of the rumour that 1,500 Germans had landed there towards the end of April or at any other time."—*Hansard*, May 26th, 1937.

1939

The Kondor Legion of Germans who have fought in Spain marched past Herr Hitler to-day into Berlin where the population gave them a reception worthy of a victorious army . . .

There appeared to be between 14,000 and 15,000 men on parade. In his speech Herr Hitler said that in July, 1936, he had decided to accede to the request for help which Gen. Franco had addressed to him and to help him in the same measure and for so long as the rest of the world helped the enemies of Spain.—*Times*, June 7th, 1939.

Field-Marshal Goering, on the same occasion, said:—

" All the important victories of Gen. Franco were obtained with the help of German volunteers."—*Manchester Guardian*, June 7th, 1939.

" Comrades! Legionaries! The Fatherland salutes you at this moment when you see your native shores once more, after 30 months of a victorious war against the democracies and Bolshevism. You are preceded by thousands of your heroic comrades who have fallen."—From Mussolini's speech of welcome to Italian troops landed from eight ships at Naples on June 5th, 1939.—*Daily Telegraph*, June 6th, 1939.

Naval activities started on July 24th, 1936. On August 15th, 1936, Italian naval units effected a surprise landing at Porto Cristo in Majorca. At the end of September in the same year a naval mission went to Cadiz as a liaison between Italian and Spanish fleets. Between Dec. 15th, 1936 and April, 1937, the Navy transported 100,000 Italians to Spain, besides 40,000 tons of war material and 750 heavy guns. Fifty-two ships were engaged on this task. During the war 17 transports carried troops making 55 voyages. Sixty-eight convoy ships made 134 voyages with various supplies for the Italians fighting in Spain. Italian submarines prevented ships from bringing aid to the Republican forces and " spread fear in the Mediterranean basin " reducing such traffic to a minimum.—From the *Daily Telegraph* Rome Correspondent's summary of an article in " Forze Armate," the official organ of the Italian War Office, published June 8th, 1939.

STALLED

" Any unrequested foreign aid will be regarded as an act of hostility and repelled."—Finnish Foreign Minister. June 8th.

THAT the Finn should regard with suspicion
A front of Great Britain's devising,
Imperils the peace coalition
In a manner abrupt and surprising.

Whitehall is profoundly regretful
At the set-back to fruitful discussion,
When the Premier, of German forgetful,
Can just say Tovarish in Russian.

Not all diplomatic endeavour
Can this rooted repugnance diminish;
The Powers may swap peace-pacts for ever
But it looks like a fight to the Finnish.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

GASTRONOMIC VENTURE—I.

PREJUDICE, the cripple child of Ignorance, acts as a drag on the cautious diner at every turn. The great majority of creatures that adorn the land and sea are definitely edible, though, of course, some are better than others. The last war saw the production of a remarkable little book, *The Wild Foods of Britain*, which opened up vast vistas of cheap native foods not usually exploited though always available, but it is doubtful if many housewives essayed any of the foods, preferring to wait long hours, ration card in hand, for the dishes to which she and her family had always been accustomed.

World explorers though we be, we are strangely timid in matters of the table. Most of us go through life without once adventuring beyond beef, mutton and pork as regards meat, and whilst ever ready to declare "there's lots of good fish in the sea," seldom venture to try any save a small percentage of those frequenting our seas and rivers.

Many have been the abortive attempts to introduce new food, not only native but also from abroad, to this country. Many years ago a now defunct Acclimatisation Society held a big banquet whereat the guests were entertained to hedgehog, kangaroo, bear, lion, bêche-der-mer, octopus and locusts. It was not a great success. Many indeed, we are informed, reminded one as they took their first mouthful of each course of persons about to take a pill. According to an eye-witness, there was a "one, two, three" expression about them.

If the London Zoo, the successful founder of our numerous poultry societies, never succeeded in introducing any novel dishes upon the market, it has at least given more than one adventurer unique opportunities to try all manner of unusual meat. The writer can attest that bison and eland rank among the finest joints, and that bear hams and kangaroo tails are without their equal.

In condemning such foods as unusual, we must remember that most of our accepted "stand-bys" were unknown to the general public only a few centuries ago. Beef and mutton were the rich man's perquisites, venison the poor man's meat —when he had any at all. Hedgehog and badger were commonly eaten in rural districts. The hedgehog, as he is to-day by gipsy folk, was rolled in clay and baked, and the badger treated much like pork, which it closely resembles in taste. Both these viands, though admirable, are to be deprecated, since the blameless hedgehog is the sworn foe of the viper, and the equally inoffensive badger wages war during the summer upon the wasp, digging out its nests in large numbers.

Many rodents can safely be recommended and are remarkably similar in flavour. The Canadian grey squirrel, the musk rat and coypu, now largely farmed in this country for its fur, are all good and scarcely distinguishable from hare.

Poultry, so universally eaten now, was also the rich man's monopoly little more than two centuries ago. The average Londoner lived on heron, bustard, bittern and coot, all of which swarmed in this country. Heron was caught within the City precincts. At one time the City apprentices actually petitioned their masters asking them to refrain from giving them heron for dinner more than twice in a week.

Long after Izaak Walton's day, freshwater fish were a recognised part of our national diet just as they are on the Continent to-day, and every country gentleman had his great water and attendant "stews" wherein he bred pike, perch, tench and carp upon the grand scale. *The Compleat Angler* contains some recipes which might prove beyond the capacity of the thrifty housewife of to-day. It is stated, for example, that carp to be properly cooked should be scored, but not scaled, rubbed with salt and cooked in claret with the addition of sweet marjoram, thyme, parsley, rosemary, savoury, four or five onions, twenty oysters, and anchovies. In those days, it may be mentioned, oysters were on sale at 2*d.* a dozen.

To-day amongst freshwater fish the trout alone is held in honour with British diners.

The mere mention of reptiles and amphibians as food brings a shudder no doubt to the reader, who forgets the high esteem in which all cultured diners hold real turtle soup. The turtle is, however, the only reptile eaten in this country. It is otherwise elsewhere. Grass-snakes are eaten with relish in France under the name of "hedge-eels," python steak is a delicacy throughout Africa, and freshwater tortoises, alligator, iguana lizard and bullfrog are standard features of the trans-Atlantic markets. Quite lately tinned rattlesnake—obtainable from certain London stores—has been placed on the American market and seems to be meeting with a deserved, if necessarily restricted, success.

A fortune possibly awaits the genius who can find a market for the slipper limpet, a pest of our oyster beds, imported inadvertently from the United States of America about half a century ago. The eradication of this unprofitable sea snail costs oyster farmers many thousands of pounds annually, yet no use has been found for the animal. As Dr. Orton, our greatest oyster expert says, had the slipper limpet crossed to France it would by now have doubtless been turned into a cheap and appetising source of nourishment.

The squid and the octopus are quite unthinkable as food to most Englishmen, yet the squid has a fair sale in Soho, while both molluscs are popular in the Channel Islands, and most other countries where they occur. The creamy white flesh of the octopus suggests tripe and has a piquant lobster-like flavour. The spider crab, so common off our coasts, has the most delicate flavour. It is never, however, sold in this country, although on the Continent it has won universal popularity. The giant spider crab of Japan measures over ten feet across the extended limbs and covers about twenty square feet of ground. It is exposed for sale in the Japanese markets attached to a large bamboo frame resembling a giant Catherine wheel, each limb being lashed to a separate spoke. The legs are disposed of separately, each one providing a square meal for a family.

E. G. BOULENGER

(To be Continued)

THOUGHTS ON OPERA

SINCE opera is a combination of music and drama it is essential that the part played by the producer should be as important as that played by the conductor. In choosing a cast it is desirable that the artists engaged should be competent actors as well as competent singers, but as it is already difficult enough to find good singers it may well be imagined that to find a singer who is also a good actor is a heart-breaking task.

The importance of the acting in this dual role of the operatic artist varies a good deal from opera to opera as does the kind of acting required. There are many Italian and French operas where the singing is so much the more important and the dramatic characterisation so simple and generalised that all one requires from the singers is a suitable appearance and an ability to sit down, rise, walk and make a few conventional gestures with sufficient ease and grace. Wagner's operas also do not present insuperable or even exceptional difficulties. In selecting Nordic myths as the material for his librettos Wagner even simplified the original material, and what he chiefly demands is weight and substance and a more or less black and white differentiation into heroes and villains. His characters are not difficult to play. For example, I don't think I have ever seen a bad Mime at Covent Garden; Karl Laufkoetter, who plays the part this year, is excellent, but all Mimes are much alike, just as are all the Alberichs. The parts that are generally praised for their dramatic value, such, for example, as that of Fricka, are so straightforward and simple that only a failure in the appropriate physique or in voice is possible.

I would not, however, wish to belittle the importance of these elementary requirements. Elementary from a dramatic

point of view they may be, but they are nevertheless not easy to come by. Simply to stand and move with dignity without fuss and to make a few expressive gestures on a rather larger-than-life scale (which is almost all that Wagnerian opera demands from its singers) is by no means a light achievement but demands natural physical gifts and careful training. There is a vast difference between a perfunctory and a truly polished achievement even on these simple lines.

Chaliapin, who has shown himself to be one of the most gifted and highly trained of operatic actors that have appeared on the stage in my lifetime, tells a story of how, as a young man, he was invited to a party at which there was also present a famous Russian actor, named Kieselevsky. He relates how he, the young, still unknown singer, watched the great Kieselevsky mix himself a salad, then pour out a glass of wine and toast their hostess. "Never," said Chaliapin, "had I seen anything so beautiful as the simple and dignified movements of Kieselevsky. This, I thought to myself, is how kings and princes behave. In later years I was to meet several kings and princes, but I never met any who had the grace and dignity of Kieselevsky."

I have quoted Chaliapin from memory, so that I may not have his exact words. However, Chaliapin understood perfectly how such beautiful and appropriate movement of the body is achieved. It is not something that can be superimposed, it comes from within and must be felt and intended to be successful. It can only be taught in so far as the pupil is sensitive enough to perceive, criticise and control his movements. But the young operatic artist needs as a guide a producer who is aware of such things and the time and careful study necessary to train himself under the producer's eye to achieve them.

At Glyndebourne the name of the producer Carl Ebert, who is himself a talented actor, is printed in equal prominence with that of Fritz Busch. This is a welcome sign of what we have seen to be a fact about the opera at Glyndebourne, namely, that it is "produced" and not merely thrown together. In my opinion Mr. Ebert's finest achievements are *Cosi fan Tutte* and *Macbeth*. The production of *Macbeth* is a masterpiece and far surpasses from the acting point of view any production of Shakespeare's play that I have ever seen. In *Macbeth* Mr. Ebert has had the collaboration of a good stage designer in Caspar Neher—which is a piece of luck not common at Glyndebourne, where the scenery and costumes are usually the weakest part of the opera.

Mr. Ebert has handled the very difficult witches' scenes with consummate skill, the apparitions scene in Act III being notably good. He has also had the advantage of a good actor as well as a good singer in Francesco Valentino, who plays Macbeth, and this year the new Lady Macbeth, Margherita Grandi from Tasmania, is a first-rate discovery. She both acts and sings superbly, and the consequence is that the murder scene in Macbeth's castle is overwhelmingly thrilling. I do not forget Fritz Busch's part in this, but here we have a rare combination of acting and singing in equal degrees of virtuosity. In the culmination of this scene, when Mr. Ebert masses the whole household of the castle with the murdered King's retainers before the curtain to sing Verdi's magnificent chorus, he achieves what is the most electrifying effect I have ever seen on any stage.

This chorus is what I can only describe as an absolute "knock-out." It is Verdi not at his highest but at his most primitively vital. Had I paid £20 for my seat I should have felt at the end of the first Act quite content.

I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Ebert is a perfect producer. Sometimes I have felt that he is inclined to fuss too much and to invent too many little niggling actions as if he were afraid he was not doing his bit if he could not contrive some action to every bar of the music. But he is that rare phenomenon, a real producer who has a proper dramatic sense and sees the work he is producing in visual terms. From such a man every operatic singer should be able to learn. Those who wish to learn the art of production should go to Glyndebourne and study under Ebert. Mr. Christie informs me that the Turkish Government have actually sent a man from their National Theatre to study at Glyndebourne. He also tells me that not a single Englishman has come to Glyndebourne to study under Ebert. I can only suppose that this is because nobody sees a future for opera in this country, otherwise it would indicate a sad lack of enterprise in our fellow-countrymen.

W. J. TURNER

THE SONG OF THE RHONE

By PAUL CLAUDEL

BEAUTIFUL is the black sail when blown by the wind
And this breeze on my cheek
From far away seas,
It lets fall its antennae, turns and lies upon its side!
Beautiful are the feet of him who passing through wide stretching
Luminous sands,
Dutifully sets out to reach his land,
The feet of him who brings victory!
He flies on winged feet, kicking off the earth with impetuous toe,
The virgins watching from the hill top see two clouds of dust
Rising from his sandals!
Radiant is the lover, when reaching this bend of the RHONE
He appears riding ahead of his brothers,
His armour flashing, he, the tallest and the fairest of his years!
Let him take the uprooted one, that she may lose her soul in his arms
As the pointed urn filled with priceless wine placed on a table
Laid for Gods would oscillate on its base.
Why woman if not to be culled?
And this rose if not to be devoured? and why born if not to another given
And the prey of some powerful lion?
Ah let him take me to his heart, his arms will not feel hard,
Let him kill me rather than I escape!
Let others sing of the rose, I will extoll man, the free,
The impregnable, the unexpected,
The male, the master, the first, the animator,
Man, who receiving life from God is made to his image!
Life is a narrow prison.
To what avail the covered cup of this enchanted lake
And the nets of this night of love on whose threshold
Sunlight ready to return falters and hesitates,
If we had not the RHONE, helping us to escape,
And the ringing waters of this great armed river no banks can reduce!
Not from earth, but straight from heaven he is come!
See Europe spread all around awaiting to receive him
Then open and bloom like a full blown rose,
Earth rise and fall like a devastated city or a withered blossom!
Right to the highest glaciers of heaven with their
Concentric walls piled up one on the other,
Needed are many mountains!
Five score virgins on high for one RHONE!
Five score virgins, savage antlers, and two score monsters,
In the unaspirated ether clanking in heavy armour,
Two score mountain tops blown by the four winds from the four
Corners of the earth,
Two score visages on whom fall the blessings of unlimited heavens,
And who pour them on the earth in one solid torrent,
In one sheet of glass, in one mass of gold, in a cataract without substance
As immovable as ecstasy!
Five score mountains and in their midst one RHONE

Eternally fed from the icy mammals of altitude
And the clogged glands of the morass!
He is here given over to the earth that he is for ever pacing
Taking to himself the deepest parts,
Violent he espouses with infinite tenderness each bend!
Like the cattle hearing the call of the herdsman
Answer from every hill top!
Every source from afar hears the voice that calls,
All join to reach him and the lazy slow moving SAONE
Has already left to keep her tryst with him.
Hail to Thee RHONE! drinker of the earth, as you aspire this immense
Rose spread at thy feet and the irresistible line of blood
Animating and giving reason to all things!
Above all the immaculate and the eternal diadem on high!
And the lovely garden in the clouds where only the flowers grow alone,
Then the grass, then the forest, and after, the meadows; the vine
Climbing the rounded mountain flanks using them as a fortress
And the torrent, born from marble lips, rushing to the plain
While right below, mingling with the bullrushes is the liquid gold
Of the harvest!
All these pouring into the RHONE who carries them along,
Giving movement to all things, as a burning city makes but one huge
And only sacrifice once the fire draws well!
And why feet if not to join in the mad race that carries them on?
And heart, if not to wait for the second that is imminent?
And life if not to be given?
And woman,
If not a woman in the arms of a man.

(Translated by Audrey Colville)

NOTES ON CURRENT SHOWS

"MILESTONES in French Painting" at the Lefevre. A misleading title, since the earliest painter represented is Corot, and the most recent Seurat; but the handsomest show in London. A Seurat landscape, lent by Mrs. Chester Beatty, the chief revelation: a little port in Normandy, with a lock, a group of houses under a cliff, and a pier—nothing could be more prosaically Nineteenth Century than the subject, yet the result resembles a Quattrocento Florentine picture. Prodigious directness and selectiveness of Seurat's vision, his only modern equal in this the Douanier Rousseau. Those "damned dots" which he thought so important give incomparable luminosity, but under the flickering pigment it is an architecture we admire. Utter justice of the intervals. Giorgione died at 27, Masaccio at 32, Raphael at 37, Seurat at 39—and most painters produce their best work when over 60.

Two unfinished Cézannes, one of them new to London—note the control over the whole plan at each stage of the execution. He could not place five little areas of colour without establishing a design. A baby by Van Gogh—the D. H. Lawrence of painting, with the same voracious apprehension of natural objects, babies, flowers, trees. Three lovely and various Pissarros, and fine Renoirs. A Tahitian Gauguin, looking very tawdry and poster-like in this company. "Cruise to the girl-strewn Orient, bask by moonlight on scented littorals, wear hibiscus in your hair."

"La Probité de l'Art," at Tooth's, drawings and pastels from Delacroix to Rouault. Degas, Bonnard, Modigliani, Braque specially well represented. Oriental delicacy of Rodin, whose drawings may well outlive his marble and his monuments. An exhibition too large and various to define, but full of delicacies. At least twenty drawings I'd like to own.

Old Masters at Agnews. Another miscellaneous show, with a number of charming and curious works. Outstanding, a Bassano *Adoration of the Magi*, almost the only Bassano I know that isn't dirty. Composition and colour very exciting. Passages of pure Greco—the Cretan took as much from Bassano as from Tintoret.

Contemporary French paintings at the Storran. A particularly pleasure-giving show, which has the air of a private collection, reflecting a personal taste. Seven exquisite pictures in a row on one wall—a Braque, gay, deceptively simple, Mozartian; a little Modigliani as elegant and touching as anything he ever did; a pre-war Chirico Still Life, delicate and sensitive (how has he since come to paint so coarsely?), a noble cubist nude by Picasso; the most beautifully painted Bonnard I've ever seen; a very fine Rouault; and a curious little Rousseau, free in handling and rather Corot-like. Elsewhere in the exhibition a Matisse *Marocaine*, a tornado of a landscape by Soutine, a cool Utrillo of the good, early period, and a landscape by a painter unknown to me, Beleys. No mystery-mongering about it, but the country shown reflects a remote, romantic mood. A picture that catches the imagination, I should like to see more of Beleys.

Vlaminck at Wildenstein's. Not an old man, but already a survivor, like Derain and Friesz. (Why do we never see pictures now by Marchand?) The Fauve pictures here are far better than the recent works, but already in them the worm is visible. The worm is a formula. In the early pictures it was bright contrasted colours plaited like wicker-work, to-day it is mechanically sinister landscape, with white paint squeezed on like icing sugar. Each picture the scene of a murder—"the victim's house," you expect to read, "marked with a cross." A born painter, who has become a professional in the worst sense. This painting by the yard is a pathetic spectacle. Accomplishment remains, invention has disappeared.

Simon Bussy at the Leicester Galleries. A painter apart; you might suppose him a hermit, living perhaps in China. No trace of Picasso, of Cézanne, of Manet. Indeed, the only European painter he suggests is Pisanello. Birds, fish, fruit rendered with unsurpassed accuracy, how can pastel be thus metamorphosed to feather and iridescent fin? Yet this accuracy is never prosaic, and the lemon is more lemonish than any you could see on tree or barrow. Pictures more mysterious, more mystical by far, than the painstaking fantasies of Dali *et Cie*. A child would love Bussy's pictures, even a Royal Academician must perceive his skill, but he has steadily painted against the current, and most of us like only variations upon the habitual. The courage of such solitary exploration, like Blake's in poetry or Hopkins's. Every period has its "unrecognised genius"—is Simon Bussy ours?

Epstein at the Leicester Galleries. Several portrait-busts, including a brilliant "Young Paul Robeson." Showy, insensitive charcoal-drawings. "Adam," literary and Germanically violent. Kipling's line wants rewriting: "It's ugly, but is it Art?" Amusing to watch the public faced at eye-level with the outsize phallus worn horizontally—they throw sidelong glances, but feel obliged to stand at the statue's side or back. A work calculated to achieve the maximum publicity: the Blimps will attack—as usual, for the wrong reasons—the anti-Blimps will feel obliged to defend, perhaps a bishop will intervene—and the statue is plastically on the same level as Mr. Jagger's howitzer at Hyde Park Corner.

Petley Jones at the Mathieson Gallery. A Canadian painter who has been working in Paris. Has looked at so many pictures that one cannot yet distinguish his personal contribution. Some charming small paintings, the larger ones too noisy. But a welcome gusto, he obviously paints greedily, like a schoolboy eating strawberry mess.

"Satirical Drawings of To-Day" at the Delius Giese Gallery. Highly commendable, curious and varied. Ardizzone, so English his name should be Bill Hawkins, draws with amused affection; George Gross with execration and nausea: Nicolas Bentley with a dandy's disdain; Feliks Topolski with

aristocratic carelessness. These four the most effective, Brian Robb the most pleasing of the others. More power to all their elbows!

Roland Penrose and Ithell Colquhoun at the Mayor Gallery. Surrealism a return to Victorian and Edwardian taste, Penrose, the Hon. John Collier of the Movement. (Remember "Sentence of Death," a young man in a Harley Street consulting room. Everyone asked what his illness was, and the matter seemed settled by the use of the picture to advertise some play about "social hygiene" by Brieux. But the painter angrily repudiated this explanation.) Pictures not to contemplate but to make conversation about. One early picture shows painterly gifts, which Penrose has since succeeded in concealing. Miss Colquhoun, pure Burlington House, but the sexiness is served with vinegar instead of with sugar and spice. In the catalogue a charming photograph of the artist nude from the waist up—if this example is followed, the "integrity" of the critics will melt as quickly as ice in a cocktail-shaker.

Julian Trevelyan and Atelier Dix-sept at Guggenheim Jeune. Trevelyan, a surrealist who cannot overcome his natural good taste. Some girls persist in looking pretty, even in this season's hats. A born decorator—in the eighteenth century he would probably have painted fruit, enchantingly, on chairs and dessert-plates. The etchings, skilful in technique, disquieting in intention, excremental, testicular, vaginal. A whole school poisoned by the modern world and anxiously guzzling emetics—but if you can't digest your times, is it not better to live in an Ivory Tower and pick your diet?

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

THE MOVIES

"Stagecoach," at the Odeon
"Good-bye, Mr. Chips," at the Empire

Stagecoach is pictorially the most exciting Western seen for years. Indeed, it is rather unfair to call it a Western at all; it plays in Arizona, but it has none of the dare-devil impossibilities, the perfunctory whipping up of emotion, or the honest-to-goodness black-and-white psychology of the standard, shop-soiled article. The greater part of a long film simply records the progress of an overland stage coach through a dangerous Apache-infested stretch of Arizona desert. John Ford is the director; and he has used every possible device to suggest the epic character of this journey. The photography, to begin with, is superb: the enormous, silent Arizona plain, brilliant and dead like a lunar landscape, dominated by those gigantic rock-fortresses which coldly stare, across miles and miles of desert, at the puny advancing cavalcade. The dramatic and pictorial employment of this fabulous landscape could not be bettered; there is a marvellous moment when the cavalry escort rides away at the cross-roads and the coach proceeds in terrifying solitude into the dust and the distance. We look down from a height on the parting of the ways under the wide sky; and I, for one, should have been content to go on watching the two divergent and diminishing processions. The music, usually the weakest feature in American films, heightens the drama by the contrast of the gay, trumpet-like melody which symbolises the advancing coach and the nostalgic Stephen Foster tunes which suggest the private thoughts of the uncomfortable travellers. The travellers themselves are sharply and effectively characterised, their reactions to the threat and the presence of danger well studied. If the film had been confined to the actual journey, I should have been better pleased; most of what happened before it started, and everything that happened after it arrived was comparatively tame and "ornery." But the spectacle of that six-horse team plunging through the desert to the sound of its gallant *leitmotiv*—that is something I shall remember, a fragment of pure, non-intellectual cinema at its most exhilarating.

Good-bye, Mr. Chips conveys, somehow, an even more sentimental impression than the book. Is it Mr. Donat's fault or the adapter's that the benign old schoolmaster seems a touch more foolish and incompetent than his creator made him? Partly Mr. Donat's, who throughout the latter part of the film wears a tousled wig which gives him a strong resemblance to Harpo Marx: seeing that Chips is himself a highly inarticulate person, the resemblance is unfortunate. But the script-writer has certainly overdone the Parsifal element in Chips, representing him as completely unable to keep order at his first prep. and failing to establish any reality in the relationship with his wife. Characteristically of the movies, their meeting takes place not in the Lakes but in the Tyrol, and even leads to a scene at a very grand Viennese ball. I ask you, would Mr. Chips have been invited to a grand Viennese ball? Would he have taken full evening dress with a white waistcoat on a Tyrolean walking tour? Would he even, at that period, have possessed a white waistcoat? Someone has blundered; a pity, because after all, there *is* something to Chips, he is not a pure piece of adult-schoolboy sentimentality, the popularity of his type is accounted for by two important features of English psychology: their love for mediocrity in high places and their admiration of longevity for its own sake. In Mr. Chips there is something of Queen Victoria: "she had reigned for sixty years, and she was not out." Mr. Hilton himself did not probe far into his character, and the film only scratches its surface. But the oddities of that surface are amusing enough to make the film enjoyable; and Miss Greer Garson, as Mrs. Chips, is a charming acquisition to the screen.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Six Characters in Search of an Author," and the Footlights Revue at Cambridge

The Pirandello play was a fine, bold choice for the A.D.C. to produce in May Week, for no play could be less strawberries-and-creamy. With few exceptions, the better the play, the better it stands the test of performance by amateurs, and whereas an amateur *Hamlet* or *Duchess of Malfi* can be superb, an amateur *Dear Octopus* would not be tolerable. The chief weakness of *Six Characters* is the thinness of the story: we ought to be given more of the characters' lives, and less philosophising. The climax is not prepared, and we feel the author did not know how to end, but had to stop. In spite of this, the play is most ingenious and exciting. Mr. Robert Graham, the producer, managed the grouping and lighting very skilfully, and the company played well together. Unfortunately the gentleman who took the chief part, that of the father, acted in the style not of a first-class amateur but of a second-class professional: at moments he seemed to be playing in *The Bells*, so that his undeniable skill did not give pleasure. Mr. Denys Richard, Miss Yvonne Williams, Miss Alice Heim, Miss Mary Cussen Spencer, Mr. Alec Rugg-Gunn, Miss Janet Margesson and Mr. Peter Webber all gave interesting and intelligent performances. May we hope that the A.D.C. will next have a shot at *Cosi è, se vi pare*, the most adroit and probably the best of Pirandello's plays?

The Footlights Revue ran true to form, but better. A parody, arranged by Mr. Robert Helpmann, of the Ballets Joos, was more than very funny, it was a telling criticism. An "Operatorio Grec" satirised simultaneously all the Cambridge amateur productions, Greek plays, Handel and Mozart—it was cruel and most witty. A scene with dialogue taken from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, the "Little Midden Choral Group" and a song called *I'm a Spy* should be put into the next Little Theatre Revue. Altogether an exhaustingly funny entertainment, in which Robert Ricketts, Ronald Millar, Peter Eade and Frank Falkner were conspicuous. The producers, authors and composers also deserve the warmest congratulations.

Intimate Opera at the Mercury

After an absence of some time the excellent little company of three singers—Frederick Woodhouse, Winifred Radford and Geoffrey Dunn—has returned to the Mercury Theatre at Notting Hill to present several new items in its repertory of Intimate Opera. The most important of these is a selection made from the music composed for the three parts of "The Comical History of Don Quixote," written by Thomas d'Urfey. This Purcell music is practically unknown and it well repays its restoration,

being full of character. In the title role, Mr. Geoffrey Dunn showed that in addition to his gifts as a singer, he is more than ordinarily gifted as an actor and he gave a performance of striking power. The two musical interludes, *The Brickdust Man*, by Charles Dibdin, and *True Blue*, by Henry Carey, are in a slighter vein, but are amusing trifles. They were treated with great vivacity, but I think the company must beware of exaggeration. All three are inclined to underline their points and Mr. Dunn occasionally forces his voice. Their diction is uniformly good and Miss Winifred Radford shows an uncommon versatility. The orchestra of four strings and a pianoforte, under Mr. Norman Franklin, played well, although a little more subtlety and elasticity on their part as well as on that of the singers would add to the general effect.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 17th—
- League of Nations Union, Rally of Hertfordshire Members. Speaker: Lord Cecil. Chairman: The Marquess of Salisbury. Hatfield Park, 3.30.
- Intimate Opera, Mercury. And on June 20th.

SUNDAY, June 18th.
- Dr. C. E. M. Joad: "Plato Comments on Communism and Fascism," Conway Hall, 11.
- Alan Bush: "Music and Society," 2 Keats Grove, 8.

MONDAY, June 19th—
- Opening of Season of Russian Ballet, Covent Garden. Greek Royal Theatre Company, His Majesty's.

TUESDAY, June 20th—
- A. Fenner Brockway: "How to Resist Conscription," Friends House, 1.20.
- First Group Exhibition of German, Austrian and Czechoslovakian painters and sculptors, Wertheim Gallery, Burlington Gardens. Till July 3rd.
- "Pericles," Open Air Theatre.
- "Misalliance," Torch.

WEDNESDAY, June 21st—
- Russian Film Show, including "If War Should Come," St. Andrew's Hall, Over-Seas House, Park Place, S.W.1. Tickets, 1s. 6d.
- Race Meeting at Northolt Park, Fleet Street's Night Out in aid of N. U. J. Widow and Orphan Fund, 7.30.
- Georgian Festival Concert, Mozart, Haydn, Handel and Gluck programme. Richard Tauber, Joan Hammond and Boyd Neel Orchestra. Queens Hall, 8.30.
- "After the Dance," St. Martin's.

THURSDAY, June 22nd—
- Free German League of Culture Meeting in memory of Roth and Toller. Speakers: Stefan Zweig, Wickham Steed and Kingsley Martin. Conway Hall, 8.30.

Correspondence

SOUTHPORT CONFERENCE

SIR,—I write not as a member of any political party, but as one of that large mass of people who are profoundly convinced of the necessity for a united stand against the forces of Fascism which are threatening the freedom of mankind throughout the world to-day, and who rallied eagerly and enthusiastically to the Popular Front banner. We who have grown up since the war have gradually been forced to realise that all the things we were taught to reverence and admire—truth, honesty, integrity, and even common humanity—have no place in the world of international capitalism to-day, and that the birthright of the British people—liberty of speech, thought, and action—are being wiped out in one country after another with the knowledge and connivance of the British Government. Bewildered, lost, eager to do something but lacking leadership, many of us were sinking into a dangerous state of apathy and acquiescence, when suddenly the Popular Front arose and we awoke to the fact that at last something was being done and we could help. The enthusiastic and well-attended meetings held by Sir Stafford Cripps all over the country and the ardent Petition Campaigns which followed in every town were proof that the spirit was there, and for a few short weeks it seemed as if the movement really would sweep the country and provide a new chapter in the history of British politics.

It is not for me to criticise Sir Stafford Cripps and his colleagues. Doubtless they have excellent and far-seeing reasons for their action in disbanding the Committees and seeking to be taken back into the Labour Party—but I wonder if they have considered the effects of this action on their followers. The bitterness caused by this sudden collapse, particularly among the younger enthusiasts, is indescribable, and to leave them in this state of mind is dangerous. The natural reaction to such a sudden and complete let-down is a swing-over to the other side, and at least the Fascist parties do offer action. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say there is a danger of such a swing-over, and it will be a tragedy if nothing is done to keep this enthusiasm alive and on the right lines. The founder of the Popular Front has deserted it, but surely there is someone else who is willing to step in and take over the leadership of the movement. If we work quickly we can still save it, and we should remember that, while apathy is dangerous, frustration is infinitely more so. JEAN B. LINDSAY

11 Hartington Gardens,
Edinburgh.

SIR,—May I suggest that the explanation of the failure of Cripps' Popular Front lies not along Brailsford's tortuous path, but along simpler avenues?

First, that in our constituency, at least, it seemed silly ever to mention the idea of making approaches to people we have been fighting for years and who, in local government, are indistinguishable from the Tories (even more bitter). Would it be an exaggeration to say that this applies to 75 per cent. of the constituencies in the country?

Secondly, we are so near victory in this division that it seems equally silly to talk of any alliance with anybody—it's just a case of Labour versus the rest.

We turned down the Popular Front, not from any fear of expulsion, but because we could see no argument for it, and every argument against it. WILL BROTHERTON

75 Stanley Street, Accrington.

SIR,—We are delighted to see H. N. Brailsford's vigorous defence of Sir Stafford Cripps in last week's issue of your paper.

We both worked hard for the Petition, and know well the tremendous pressure which was brought by the Executive of the

dos passos

adventures of a young man

Constable 8/6 net

dos passos

Labour Party against it. We regret that Sir Stafford has not continued his fight outside the Labour Party, because his argument for the Popular Front remains as irresistible as ever. The flabby and irresolute attitude taken by the Labour Party Conference has not and will not create any great enthusiasm which will carry the Party to power.

We still believe that the line suggested by Sir Stafford, with its short and definite programme, is the only one which will secure the victory of the progressive forces at the present moment and rally the millions of neutrals to action on the Labour side. The fact appears to be that the terrific power of the capitalist has captured the Labour Party to such an extent that it is too frightened to take any action which will turn out the present Government.

40, Weoley Park Road, HARRISON BARROW
Selly Oak, Birmingham. ETHEL M. BARROW

FEDERATION

SIR,—I should like to support Professor Hogben's position and to protest against any well-meaning attempt to draw the red herring of " Union Now " across the trail. The idea of fighting a new world war merely to preserve the present *status quo*, above all in its imperial aspects, is so absurd that we can assume that few readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION require conversion on that point. Before the settlement, whether that follows or precedes a war, we should try to be clear as to what is good or bad, hopeless or hopeful, in the present methods and objects of imperial control of subject peoples. To mix up this practicable project with the utopian dreams of Mr. Streit's book is dangerous. Not only is it dangerous because Mr. Streit's proposals are not practical politics, but because they involve the acceptance of the present Union of South Africa as one of the more or less model states whose good example is to convert a naughty world. The union of the free peoples would, in effect, protect the present system in South Africa, would underwrite not only the methods of Generals Hertzog and Smuts, but those of Dr. Malan should he become legally head of the white ruling class. Such a result would be deplorable so that complete success for Mr. Streit's scheme would not result in an improved version of Professor Hogben's proposals, but in a world-order stereotyping some of the worst features of the present system. I am, of course, not in favour of a world war to overthrow the Union of South Africa, but I am not in favour of fighting in the name of peace, liberty, etc., for the legal supremacy of the Anglo-Boer population. Such a farcical result might come from the adoption of " Union Now." I took Professor Hogben's letter to be a timely plea to clear our minds of cant. In its present form, Mr. Streit's scheme has more cant in it, honestly felt cant, than seems healthy.

D. W. BROGAN

Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

LABOUR AND A PEACE BLOC

SIR,—In effect, Mr. Hogben asks Labour : " Are you going to try to revive the League as it was planned in 1919 and existed until 1931, or will you admit that the pre-slump world is as dead as the pre-war world and that we must now aim at something like federation ? "

I wish, as one who was a League official for nearly nineteen years (from January 16th, 1920, to October 15th, 1938) to explain why I heartily support Mr. Hogben. As a delegate to the Southport Conference I believe, in the light of the debate on international policy, that there is a fair chance of his question being answered as he would wish.

The framing of the Covenant was done by " Liberals," in the broad, non-party sense of progressive capitalists. They recognised that civilisation could not survive unless there was some form of world government. But, as Sir Arthur Salter points out in *World Trade and Its Future*, it was assumed at the Peace Conference and after by all concerned with post-war reconstruction, that its object must be to restore the pre-war economic system. It was assumed that the Peace Conference was going to usher in a world of lightly armed democracies co-operating through the League under the pressure of an enlightened public opinion, with every State in the last analysis ready to stop war by boycotting any State, and with the whole world community moving toward a future of broadening freedom and prosperity on the basis of capitalism. The Russian Revolution and the Italian counter-revolution were regarded as irrelevant, mere accidents.

The great slump and subsequent events showed, I submit, that these upheavals were but the first rumblings of earthquakes and landslides that are changing the whole configuration of the social landscape. It is capitalism itself which is in process of liquidation, because it is ceasing to give the minimum social satisfactions necessary to its survival. The world is rent by an ideological conflict that is at bottom a struggle between plutocracy and the working class. The fear of war, the ideology of nationalism and imperialism, are the spiritual weapons of the plutocracy and their Tory defenders.

The Fascist regimes are the spearhead of the counter-revolution. They are the social allies of our Tories, but also the enemies of British Imperial interests. The Soviet Union, whose mere successful survival is a growing menace to the social *status quo*, is the only State both politically willing to be our ally and militarily powerful enough to make the Empire defensible even in the situation created by the pro-Fascist policy of " appeasement." Hence the split in the Tory camp and all the wriggling and squirming as the Imperial power-politicians try to evolve some arrangement that will make the world safe for both British Imperialism and International Fascism, by building up a balance of power capable of defending British colonies without committing us to " take sides in the ideological conflict "—with the U.S.S.R. against the Fascist Axis (taking sides with the Fascist Powers through a Four-Power pact does not, of course, count).

Mr. Chamberlain is in a dilemma. He fears the deep sea of Soviet Socialism more than the devil of Fascism, with whom he longs to sup provided only he can find a spoon long enough to avoid burning his Imperial interests. He is trying to get out of his difficulty by concocting a Soviet pact endowed with one-way elasticity, so that it can be stretched to accommodate more " appeasement."

It is against this background that the need for a restatement of Labour's foreign policy has become acute. I hope that restatement will include the following points :

1. We must recognise that the ideological conflict is not accidental, but fundamental, and that the first step to saving civilisation is to take sides in that conflict, with the working class against the plutocracy in home affairs, with the U.S.S.R. against the Fascist bloc in foreign affairs. An Anglo-Franco-Soviet Peace Bloc must be the basis of the new policy, and only a Labour Government can carry it out wholeheartedly.

2. Militarily, this means going as close to pooling the defence of the States associated in the Peace Bloc as geographical circumstances allow. A single naval, military and air command, at least for France and ourselves, closely co-ordinated with the Soviet defence establishments and plans, joint manoeuvres and training, interchanges of officers, standardisation of war material, exchange of patents and co-operation in research—these are obvious necessities.

3. Economically, this implies the co-ordination of the war industries and eventually of the economic life of the countries concerned, on a common plan subserving our common social purposes as well as our military necessities. That would require beginning where we left off in the last war with inter-allied control boards to regulate questions of finance and of purchasing as well as producing what we need.

4. Politically, all this means frequent and regular, almost constant, contacts between responsible Ministers and high civil servants, necessitating permanent international committees and secretariats.

5. One of the treaties binding together the Peace Bloc should contain two optional clauses : the first would provide for setting up an International Consultative Parliament, on the lines of the scheme advocated by Labour at the Peace Conference. The second would declare that it was the common purpose of the signatory States to convert the League of Nations into a World Commonwealth.

6. The Peace Bloc would base their agreements on the Covenant and be pledged to utilise to the utmost what remains of the machinery of the League.

7. From the outset the Peace Bloc or World Peace Union would strive for the friendship of the United States, beginning perhaps with measures of economic co-operation and a common policy toward Japanese aggression.

8. The Peace Bloc would be pledged to an immediate start, on international lines, with a policy of rapid and progressive colonial emancipation.

9. The Peace Bloc, while building up its joint power on the one hand and informing the world of the fact, would conduct a continuous peace offensive against the Fascist powers, by means not only of diplomatic notes but of the Press and the wireless. We should continually and publicly be bombarding the Fascist powers with invitations to state their grievances and claims in a conference. We should genuinely strive to satisfy any reasonable demands of and to establish any economic and political *modus vivendi* with the Fascist Powers compatible with the cessation of present aggressions and mutual guarantees against further aggressions. The more Hitler and Mussolini refused these offers, the more they would have to explain away to their own peoples.

On these lines we could build up a Peace Bloc too strong to be attacked, and so attractive ideologically, that the peoples under the Fascist yoke would come to see it as an alternative to Fascism which promised them a better future than under their present regimes. There would be good hope of ultimately defeating Fascism without war. And if war should come at any stage in this policy we should be sure of victory in a good cause. For our peace terms would be the overthrow by their peoples of the Fascist regimes and full membership of the Peace Bloc, with its obligations and all-round disarmament and international control of economic life.

K. ZILLIACUS

"THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE"

SIR,—Will you allow me to say how cordially I agree with the views expressed in your last issue by Mr. F. J. Osborn, and in support of them to remind your readers of the minute difference in the size of London which is involved in the question of density? The County of London contains 117 square miles, equivalent to an average distance from the centre to the circumference of rather over six miles. The difference in this distance which would be involved in erecting 100,000 dwellings at 40 and 12 to the acre respectively would be only one quarter of a mile.

Greater London contains 693 square miles, equivalent to an average distance from centre to circumference of nearly 15 miles. The difference involved in that Greater London between erecting 500,000 dwellings at 40 and 12 to the acre respectively would be barely half a mile.

A far greater increase in the size of London has resulted and is resulting from waste, due to want of reasonable planning, than could be involved in the substitution of good family dwellings at a maximum of 12 to the acre for blocks of tenements.

Wyldes, Hampstead, N.W.3. RAYMOND UNWIN

SIR,—Mr. Osborn is barking up the wrong tree. I am all for every family in the country having a nice little house with garden and orchard attached, obtainable at a rent within the family's means, whatever these may be. I think that some of our cities are altogether too large and all too crowded. That, however, was not the subject of my article. My purpose was to show that, even if we accept as temporarily inevitable the re-housing of the occupants of our over-crowded and insanitary slums, in flats not too far from their work, the public bodies responsible for these new flats could do very much better than they actually do. It really is not practical politics to urge as an immediate measure of relief the housing of a poor man with a job in London—his sons and daughters also with jobs in London—at an economic rent in a cottage and garden 20 or 30 miles away. Actually, I believe that more cottages with, at any rate, small gardens might with advantage figure more than they do in Council re-housing schemes. But flats and amenities such as those at Kensal House do seem to me to represent an enormous advance towards decency. The title of my article, "The Englishman's Castle," was intended to be ironic. I certainly did not mean it as a synonym for Kensal House. I might just as well have labelled my article, "The Englishman's Home." Surely Mr. Osborn is familiar with the common phrase, "An Englishman's house is his castle"? It is employed even in Coke's "Institutes"; and, even so far back as 1581, William Lambarde, in his "Eirenarcha," says: "Our law calleth a man's house his castle, meaning that he may defend himself therein." I am glad that Mr. Osborn has the fairness to describe Kensal House as "a brilliant piece of work"; though I would not go all the way with him when he says that "it is far superior to anything in Sweden or Vienna."

HARRY ROBERTS

63 Harford Street, E.1.

EUROPEAN JUNGLE

SIR,—I would not ask for any more of your valuable space, had not Mr. Louis Golding raised such insistent and interesting questions about International Jewry.

As to Mr. Brian Howard, it is jolly decent of him to have made a clean breast about his visits to Germany. Since 1934-5 he has not been able to support the sight of Bavaria. Has he been to any other part of Germany, I wonder? One gathers not, but even if he has, his statements about prohibition will enable your travelled readers to judge how well qualified he is to talk about the Nazi regime.

With regard to the Jews, Mr. Golding will remember that I

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said that in France not only Roman Catholics but people of all classes are beginning to regard the Grand Orient as the tool of Communism and International Jewry. I might have written "Communism and Jewry" without any qualification, for the Jews are becoming very unpopular in France. (Not for the first time: I am old enough to remember the Dreyfus trial.) I was anxious, however—and am anxious—not to exacerbate the feelings of a race that has been abominably treated in various parts of the world, and I wrote "International Jewry" to make a distinction between the Jews who are first and foremost citizens of the land of their birth, and do not advocate violent or revolutionary changes in politics; and those others (to whom I referred) who are Communists, or who look forward to a world-order in which the Chosen Race will have a large share of dominion over mankind. I cannot here define a Communist or an International Jew, but if Mr. Golding cares to read my book he will find a chapter in which I deal with the question, and draw a sharp distinction between revolutionary-minded and non-revolutionary-minded Jews. Amongst the former I would certainly put Mr. Gollancz, and the French found even M. Leon Blum too revolutionary for their taste. In my book there are many names of Jews who have taken leading parts in revolutions during the last twenty-five years in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia; I hope Mr. Golding will believe me when I say that I do not give their names here because I do not want to harp on ugly memories. Further, I do not mean to class Mr. Gollancz or M. Blum with men like Bela Kun or Zinoviev; I am sure Messrs. Gollancz and Blum are idealists, as Kerensky was. By using the phrase "International Jewry" I did not mean that there is some sinister secret Semitic society. The Elders of Zion are as mythical as the Abominable Snowmen. It takes all sorts to make a world. The Jewish race has given us *Das Kapital* and *Magnolia Street*. Mr. Epstein shows us his atrocious Adam in the same room as his charming child with arms upraised. . . .

May I add that I have made a mistake in my book which no reviewer has so far corrected (I suppose Mr. Howard would say because there are so many)? Mr. Maisky, I am informed, is not a Jew, but a Siberian Russian.

F. YEATS-BROWN

14 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

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LAIDLAW

SIR,—Before Major Yeats-Brown is finally disposed of by your correspondents, may I chip in?

On page 273 of his new book the gallant Major says:

> At Munguia (a few miles from Bilbao) stood the big Church of Santa Maria, used as a dancing hall by the Reds, with an inscription over the transept: "May Franco die as Mola did."

This statement, as I have before pointed out, is a lie.

I was one of the last people to leave Munguia before the entry of the rebel troops, and unless a dance was held in the church in the last five minutes of the town's occupation by the loyalists, it was at no time used for any purpose other than that for which it was built.

Only about five days before Munguia fell I attended a church service in Santa Maria.

PHILIP JORDAN

Savile Club,
69 Brook Street, W.1.

P.S.—As Munguia was already under rebel fire at the time of Mola's death, it is hardly likely that anyone—even had the church been used as a dance hall—would have had the folly to risk his life in order to paint up so commendable a slogan as that to which Major Yeats-Brown refers.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEMS

SIR,—I cannot allow "Caliban" to disappear without one word of farewell. I salute the ingenuity which has produced a new problem each week, I give thanks for the entertainment which has been provided and I regret the decision to discontinue the contest.

DAVID DEMPSTER

36 Broome Manor Lane,
Swindon, Wilts.

[Several letters have reached us expressing regret that we have been obliged (through no fault of Caliban's) to discontinue this brilliant series of puzzles. We hope to send Consolation prizes to persons who had nearly qualified for them.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

JAMES JOYCE

SIR,—As an engineer I was very interested in Mr. Stonier's brilliant reply to Mr. MacCarthy—especially his remark that though the absence of theme in Joyce is regrettable, that does not in the least prevent him from enjoying Joyce's prose. It is the same with me in my own work—the Collision Motors. My latest model has no engine, but everyone—with the exception of some old-fashioned folk—very much enjoy its lovely streamlined effects.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

REFUGEES

SIR,—The plight of refugees seeking sanctuary in this country from oppression and misery, sometimes from imprisonment, torture, and even death, and unable to find that sanctuary because of a lack of financial guarantee, has deeply moved many of our people.

Yet very often those so moved have been unable to give practical expression to their sympathy because the financial responsibility involved in a guarantee has been beyond the means of the would-be helper.

The Refugee Guarantee Appeal Committee, which is recognised by the Co-ordinating Committee for Refugees, and at whose preliminary conference on April 27th the signatories of this letter were present, has as its object the encouragement of schemes whereby groups of people in clubs, church congregations, or similar bodies, may, through individual, small and regular subscriptions, support one or more refugees. The members of the Committee believe that even those who can spare no more than a few coppers weekly can, in this way, become a valuable source of assistance.

Any who feel that a group to which they belong could offer aid of this kind are invited to write to Mr. D. J. Finney, Secretary of the above Committee, at the Bruce Hotel, 37 Coram Street, W.C.1, who will be glad to give information regarding types of cases and methods of group assistance. Speakers are available to address meetings of interested people in the neighbourhood of London, and to give any necessary advice or help.

NORMAN ANGELL
DOROTHY F. BUXTON
F. A. COCKIN
A. MAUDE ROYDEN
MAURICE L. ROWNTREE

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a medical friend of mine was attending the requisite number of confinements in order to qualify in midwifery. He was young and inexperienced and was thankful when an old woman took charge of an extremely difficult delivery in a back room of a slum tenement in Somers Town. The young man and the ancient Mrs. Gamp made friends when all was safely over, and he asked her if she had ever studied a book on the subject. To his surprise she replied that she had learned all she knew from Aristotle, without whose works she would have felt ignorant indeed. The interesting thing is not simply that Aristotle should have remained in use until well into the twentieth century, but that for certainly two thousand years he should have remained the best author available on many branches of scientific knowledge. The enormous scientific importance of the Greeks is stressed, and is explained, in a book which has given me two days of delightful reading: *The Discovery of Man*, by Stanley Casson (Hamish Hamilton, 12*s.* 6*d.*). The title, which has an alarming suggestion of meaningless metaphor, must be taken literally, and the sub-title is: *The Story of the Inquiry into Human Origins*. The book belongs to that rare class: a popular scientific work which is neither superficial nor one-sided, nor difficult for anyone to understand. In it Mr. Casson has written a perfectly balanced and well-proportioned record of man's readiness (or, perhaps it would be truer to say, his reluctance) to study his own past in a spirit of detached inquiry.

> Man was created by the Trinity on October 23rd, 4004 B.C.

Such was the dictum of Dr. Lightfoot (1828–1889), the Cambridge Theologian of whom we are told in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*:

> His personal character carried immense weight, but his great position depended still more on the universally recognised fact that his belief in Christian truth and his defence of it were supported by learning as solid and as comprehensive as could be found anywhere in Europe, and by a temper not only of the utmost candour but of the highest scientific capacity.

It was possible for Dr. Lightfoot to receive praise for "the highest scientific capacity" in the 'seventies and 'eighties, although he made statements which were obvious nonsense, since flint instruments had already been found in gravels dating back to ages far beyond any accepted chronology.

> The persistence with which the traditional views were held can be explained not only on grounds of religious bias, but also, and perhaps at this period mainly, by that inherent human pride to which I have made frequent reference.

Thanks to this inherent boastfulness, man preferred not to investigate his past. As Dr. Johnson said in discussing Lord Monboddo's views on evolution:

> Conjecture, as to things useful, is good. But conjecture as to what would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all fours, is very idle.

Johnson should have said, not *useless*, but *dangerous*. The strong dislike of knowing the truth about human origins is not simply because Neanderthal Man is less presentable than Milton's Adam and Eve, but because Religious Myths originate in fear and are a form of self-assertion. It is therefore advantageous to man to deny and to despise his past.

> The growth of religion, however much it may have delayed the dawn of his intelligence, at least gave him the necessary pride and self-interest which in turn promoted self-respect. These qualities in turn generated their opposite, humility. And out of humility was born all true science.

Mr. Casson's book is therefore a history of such humble moments in the history of mankind, or of humble individuals who pursued reason for its own sake. To the Greeks, pride seemed a form of intemperance. It was therefore easy for them to think of man as one of the animals, and our first record of evolutionary ideas is contained in a fragment of Anaximander in the sixth century B.C. In this he states that man was derived from other sorts of animals and was in the first instance a fish. It would be too much to credit him with a knowledge of comparative morphology sufficient to prove a marine origin for the vertebrates. More probably, as Mr. Casson suggests, he had been struck by the human appearance of a seal. But the Greek attitude was invaluable.

> Had the pre-Socratic philosophers not dealt with man thus, it is probable that European civilisation as we know it to-day would have no philosophy at all, and it is certain that science would not yet have matured.

From the Greeks of Miletus we follow the story step by step, seeing how the growth of science under Hippocrates was checked by a change of interest towards introspection, which Mr. Casson suggests was because the Sophists were itinerant. Then with the Roman Conquests, twilight fell, before the Christian Revelation plunged all into night. Certain of the figures who emerge are made most attractive by Mr. Casson: Cyriac of Ancona travelled extensively through Greece shortly before the Turkish conquests, recording antiquities and copying inscriptions, and one is made to see him as an amateur archaeologist working eagerly in a rich and virgin field. The discovery of America—"a world in which whole dynasties and cities had grown up without that guiding hand," shook the foundations of traditional beliefs far more than is usually imagined. It also widened the field to be investigated enormously, and the first American anthropologist was interestingly enough a man of mixed Spanish and Inca blood—Garcilasso de la Vega, who was brought up as a boy among his mother's people. His book is full of accounts of their ceremonies and beliefs, of their knowledge of astronomy and mathematics, and is written with a bias in favour of the Indians. It was published in 1617 and translated in 1679 by Sir Paul Rycaut, who in an introduction surmises that America had been colonised from Asia, across the Behring Straits!

* * *

One of the most peculiar figures in Mr. Casson's portrait gallery is the Rev. William Stukeley, M.D., F.R.S., who was the first secretary of the London Society of Antiquaries, and who made most valuable surveys of Stonehenge and Avebury before many of the stones of the latter were carried away for building. His surveys were extremely accurate and have been confirmed by aerial photography in recent years. He became first passionately interested in Druids and buried the body of a stillborn child under a stone altar—and a year afterwards took Holy Orders. From that moment he was valueless as an archaeologist, and preoccupied himself with fantastic ideas of what he called Patriarchal Christianity, of which, he asserted, Avebury and Stonehenge were the monuments.

> Just as Dr. Stukeley can be said to be the patron saint of field work in Archæology, so can the Rev. William be held to be the evil genius who presides over all crack-brained amateurs. Those who believe that Mexico is Atlantis, the Maya the Lost Ten Tribes, who maintain that Britain was an Egyptian Colony and that the Pyramids are a kind of Old Moore's Almanac of prophecies, these are the spiritual children of the Reverend William.

Mr. Casson's book becomes even more fascinating as he relates how the great discoveries of modern times came to be made. They may be said to begin with the most romantic figure of all: Schliemann. The characters of the men who made them, how they were led from one civilisation to another, how they have linked them together, is admirably and clearly told. Not only are the discoveries themselves clearly described and linked up, but the gaps which remain, and the fields which may yet be explored are indicated. Many of the characters in this book are delightful, but there is none among them more attractive than that of Benjamin Harrison of Ightham, the village grocer who made himself the greatest authority in the world on flint implements and who satisfied himself by the discovery of his eoliths in the highest existing gravel beds that he had pushed man's history back into an earlier geological age. He was living and working at the same time as the candid and scientific Dr. Lightfoot.

DAVID GARNETT

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Man's Unconquerable Mind. By PROFESSOR R. W. CHAMBERS. *Cape.* 15s.

The theme of this book, giving unity to "Studies of English Authors from Bede to A. E. Housman and W. P. Ker," "is that the attitude of all these writers was 'heroic.'" "It is the object of this book to assert their glorious strength," as against the current tendency of criticism to represent them as disillusioned or as "mere material for dissection." Earl Baldwin and Carlyle are quoted, and it is implied that the heroic English Tradition is Conservative and Church and State.

This upholding of Earl Baldwin's England against Lytton Strachey's produces some interesting controversy (especially in the essays on *Measure for Measure* and on Byron) and it also gives Professor Chambers an opportunity to display great learning; it is impossible to read this book without becoming informed and instructed; to that extent it is certainly an exhilarating experience. But in taking his heroics from Wordsworth and Carlyle, he has surely missed a great opportunity. For nothing would be more interesting than to re-state at the present moment what we mean by heroic values. Yet simply to take a miscellaneous collection of authors through the ages, and show that they had "unconquerable minds" by gracefully assembling their courageous virtues and quoting Wordsworth and Carlyle over their victorious brows—surely this is not enough. Nor is it enough to insist on the stiff upper lip, reject any hint of sex or whisky, and avoid anything resembling an analytic approach.

It is a great pity that Professor Chambers assumes that everyone is in such complete agreement concerning the nature of heroism that it is a quality which simply needs asserting, without any discussion of what one means by it. The Tories uphold it, the cads and Liberals deny it (though they may, if they are "great writers," have it, and be Tories, without knowing it). Yet Wilfrid Owen hinted at the possibility of a new attitude towards heroism, Rilke in his great *Duinese Elegies* attempted to define one. I do not reproach Professor Chambers for dividing modern criticism into Lytton Strachey (to whom, in any case, he is surely unfair) and Earl Baldwin; but I think the spectacle of Modern Germany which justifies itself by the heroic principles of Carlyle and Houston Chamberlain, might have made him think twice, if only to defend Carlyle from misinterpretation.

To Professor Chambers, A. E. Housman is an outstanding example of man's "unconquerable mind." Certainly Housman stood unflinchingly for the high standards in poetry and scholarship which he had set himself. Moreover, he made notable sacrifices; on two occasions he gave all the money he had saved up, to his country; however mysterious his private life may seem, everyone must agree that it breathes the spirit of abnegation. Professor Chambers counts his attitude towards the Boer War, and his very two-edged support of Conservative politics, in his favour. Yet, assuming that all this is to the good, it seems to me that it is difficult not to feel that there was something in Housman which frustrated him so that his powers were turned inwards against himself, making him a self-destructive and inhibiting figure, that there was something almost pathological about those unsparing attacks on his fellow scholars when they were suspected of the slightest shoddiness in their labours, or the least deviation from the truth; this is a point of view Professor Chambers would never admit. Once he has given someone the passport of an "unconquerable mind" no voice may be raised to suggest that perhaps Housman, say, was profoundly disillusioned.

The most difficult person to fit into the Tory tradition is Byron. Professor Chambers writes a fascinatingly ingenious discursion on Byron as seen through the eyes of Ruskin and other Victorian critics. He begins with a slap at the Liberals, by showing that the great nineteenth-century Liberal critics were too prudish to accept the Byron of *Don Juan*. He then skilfully directs his attention to Lord Castlereagh, pointing out how unfair Byron and Shelley were in lampooning him, when all the time he was giving his life for European peace. Then he moves forward again to a sketch of the Tory household of Ruskin's parents, and points out how, whilst the Liberals were attacking Byron, little John Ruskin was reading *Don Juan*, and indeed became so deeply imbued with the Byronic spirit that, in 1881, he came forward and repaid his debt of gratitude by defending Byron. He then quotes a patriotic passage from *Don Juan*. In addition to this, we get a passage from Wordsworth's pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, and then a discourse on the heroic spirit of humanity which was common to Byron and Wordsworth, and also to Scott, who was the friend of both of them. Then there is a parallel between Byron and the Venerable Bede, and so the "great and humane" men are all brought together, in a spirit of heroic good fellowship. At the same time, Byron, in a perverse spirit of opposition, misunderstood not only Castlereagh, but also the enlightened and humane Toryism of Wordsworth and Southey. I read this essay with great pleasure and interest, yet I cannot but think that it is misleading. The fact that Byron was unfair and violent in his political judgments does not show that he was wrong in his understanding of his whole political position, which was violently opposed to that of Wordsworth. It does show that he was irresponsible; but it is more likely that an added sense of responsibility would have made him more of a revolutionary than that it would have put him on the side of the Lake poets. Professor Chambers is really pleading that there was no real difference between the enlightened Toryism of Wordsworth and the Radicalism of the young romantic poets, and that Byron's opposition had no realistic basis. It so happens that when I was reading this book, I saw a review in the *Listener* of the new edition of the Wordsworth's letters, with a quotation that gives Wordsworth's own point of view on all this:

> It is reported here that Byron, Shelley, Moore, Leigh Hunt (I do not know if you have heard of all these names) are to lay their heads together in some Town of Italy for the purpose of conducting a Journal to be directed against everything in religion, in morals and probably in government and literature, which our Forefathers have been accustomed to reverence—the notion seems very extravagant but perhaps the more likely to be realised on that account.

Yet there is no doubt that in all his essays Professor Chambers scores a great many points over his opponents. The heaviest scoring is in the essay on *Measure for Measure*, where he routs the huge army of dons who have declared that this play expresses Shakepeare's utter disillusion with life. On the other hand, he then, I think, falls into the even more dangerous mistake which Shakespearean critics are liable to; that of reading himself into Shakespeare. To some critics, Shakespeare is (as Mr. Eliot has pointed out) a retired Anglo-Indian, to others, a man of the world, to others a cissie, to others not a cissie, to others the Renaissance Individualist: but to Professor Chambers, he is, like General Franco to Mr. Garvin, the perfect Christian gentleman. He throws the whole emphasis of the play on to Angelo: yet I think it is not the speeches of the characters, but the form of the play itself which finally determines our view, and *Measure for Measure* will not bear the weight of Professor Chambers' interpretation any more than Byron's life will. STEPHEN SPENDER

NEW NOVELS

The Fifth Column and 49 Short Stories. ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
Coming Up for Air. GEORGE ORWELL. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
At Swim-Two-Birds. FLANN O'BRIEN. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.
Pilate Pasha. MICHAEL FAUSSET. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The cumulative effect of forty-nine Hemingway short stories is curiously not what you might expect. The action tends to be violent, the situations are very often the situations which produce genuine emotion for the people who are involved in them, but there is something about the stories which makes one seek a new classification for Mr. Hemingway. One has in the past thought of him as a writer largely interested in toughness and in men bobbing along in a violent current, but it is extraordinary to find how many of his short stories are aimed at making the reader pity the characters, at leaving the reader with a lump in his throat and a tear in his eye. His characters have fishing rods or guns or glasses of barrel whiskey in their hands, their clothes are sweaty and of a manly coarseness, but they generally have the same run of luck that was enjoyed by the little hero of *Misunderstood*, and for the same reason; Mr. Hemingway is in fact a writer of tear-jerkers. He belongs among the makers of *babas aux larmes* beside Katherine Mansfield; if he sounds tougher than that it is because the self-pity which informs his work is a male self-pity and that is the whole extent of the difference. The play which accompanies the short stories is a new work (the stories have previously appeared as *In Our Time*, *Men Without Women*, and *Winner Take Nothing*), and in the unfamiliar medium the machinery for making us weep can be seen divorced from the screen of technical brilliance that enables such completely vacuous stories as *A Clean Well Lighted Place*, or *Hills Like*

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ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

White Elephants, to pass muster and even to get into text books on How to Write Short Stories. The play has a certain charm, allied to that of a film run backwards, the same charm that is possessed by Saki's story of the little girl who won good conduct medals and was eaten by a wolf who heard them tinkle together. Most of the action lies in a Madrid hotel with the siege going on, and the story is concerned with an American who is engaged in counter-espionage against the Fifth Column. The American is a good party man, but he has a shameful moneyed past and this, in the form of a big blonde Vassar girl called Dorothy, tempts him to neglect his duty at a time when there is some chance of bringing off a great coup against the Fifth Column. The American Comrade is just beginning to fall in love with her when an error of his results in the death of a young man of twenty and the beating, if not the death, of two other subordinates. This makes him a little upset and he longs to go off and settle down with Dorothy in some nice place. Luckily Comrade Max comes on the scene . . . " It is only a question of what interferes with your work. This girl—where does she come from? What is her background?" (Do we recognise this mild but firm inquiry? We do. Max is the wise old family friend, the dear old solicitor, of God knows how many plays about wild young men who want to harvest wild oats as well as sow them.) Wise old Max makes him see how terrible her background is; money in the family, a good education, social work with the Junior League, and *writing*, and wise old Max points out how bad for a man a woman like that is bound to be, poisoning his mind with ideas about marriage and children, making him fret about young men uselessly killed on his own side, prisoners ill-used before death, and generally softening him. The Comrade hasn't been thinking about it like that, he's just been falling in love; but once he sees that there is a danger that he may be seduced from a life of violence he gives up this dangerous woman. The hotel, however, holds a professionally accessible Moorish lady as well as Dorothy, so everything is all right (we are not told about the Moorish lady's background, but she lays a man up for three weeks with a bite—off stage—and that seems to be as good as background can be). So the play ends with the Comrade tanking up with whisky while the Moorish Lady clears for action in the bath-room and Dorothy weeps in the room next door. The reason for embracing this violent and disgusting way of life is explained:

> You do it so no one will ever be hungry. You do it so men will not have to fear ill-health or old age; so they can live and work in dignity and not as slaves.

The embrace is also presented as a particularly moving act of self-sacrifice. If it were not that Hemingway says that he believes this in the preface it might be possible to take the play as a thesis about the degradation of violence comparable to *The Revolt of The Angels*. If it was intended to prove that the corrupt judge and the armed man are more dangerous than the Hydra, in that cutting off their heads doesn't mean that they grow two heads, but that their destroyer becomes as loathsome as they were, it could not have been more convincingly done. The character called Max is responsible during the action of the play for the death of three hundred members of the Fifth Column, his face has been horribly mutilated at some time when he was in Fascist hands, but we are expected to pity him for this, whereas it is quite obvious that he has become no uglier than the thing which he is fighting. It is a disagreeable thing to have to face at a time when the armed man appears to be master of the world, but it is something which has to be realised if one sort of injustice is not to replace another.

It is to the credit side of *Coming Up for Air* that this point is made with verve and spirit. The book is a statement of present discontents made with all the persistent disagreeableness for which Mr. George Orwell is renowned; he dislikes almost everything about England to-day, most of all the shabby genteel England where people who have very little pretend that they are wealthy and secure. It would be easy for him to take the " come friendly bombs and fall on Slough " line and to welcome smash, change, and escape. But Mr. Orwell learnt something in Spain and he has the honesty to face it; he knows who gets hurt in a smash and he knows the moral sickness that comes to the people who do the smashing, or even think a great deal about smashing. It must take a great deal for anyone who hates as much and as bitterly as Mr. Orwell to make this point; that he can do so gives a very real strength to his satire and makes a book that is readable and amusing into something more than just that. Although it is worth thinking about, this is not a good book from a literary point of view, because there is a certain lack of tenderness about it, the blacks are rather too black, and there is too little white about the England of *Coming Up for Air*. A great deal of England is built over and spoilt for the people who love woods and meadows, but the new red brick houses have gardens which are now full of flowers and the children who grow up in them are not wholly unhappy. And the young men who bicycle beside the pretty girls in gay print dresses on their way to the council baths can be put in the balance against the people who buy little pills to take the smell of liquor from their breath on the way home, indeed they have to be if a distorted picture is to be avoided. The distortion which comes from pitying no one is not easy to distinguish from that which is caused by looking at the world through eyes filled with tears of self pity. The book is not great literature, but it is good and skilful propaganda against cruelty and ugliness and it is an entertaining story.

At Swim-Two-Birds is a self-conscious work heavily under the influence of Joyce. Long passages in imitation of Joycian parody of early Irish epic are devastatingly dull, passages slavishly following Joyce's love of snotgreen squalor are worse still. But for each one of these there are two or three that are very funny and very good reading. The main story, out of a crowd which the author has not bothered to tie up with any great care, is about an author who is writing a Zolaesque novel. He stays with his characters in a public house and has great difficulty in keeping them in order; they realise he is writing a book about them and they become determined to avoid the sticky ends to which his plot will bring them, so they club together to write a book about the author which will bring him to a sticky end before he finishes them off. It is inspired nonsense that makes one laugh a great deal; it carries on another level a good deal of witty and intelligent criticism of the structure of novels that gives one pleasure of another sort.

Pilate Pasha is also a very funny book, but I have a feeling that it is not meant to be. It is all about the nice British public schoolboys who govern the Sudan—there is a lot of very genteel stuff about an Irish doctor who isn't quite top drawer, gets drunk and is a muff at polo—and the trouble they have when a religious leader turns up who goes through curiously familiar motions, refusing to recognise his mother, and finally getting arrested with two thieves. Everybody feels pretty upset about hanging the poor fella, the Governor's wife has a terrible dream about it, and the Governor himself goes through what is recognisable as mental agony before he can bring himself to permit the execution. Luckily there are horse races on the afternoon after the hangings and in the excitement everything is forgotten. The book is intended to be a description of the English Colonial Officer as the decent fellow he really is. Unfortunately the pot of whitewash has come out as a custard pie.

ANTHONY WEST

SYSTEMS AND EVENTS

Government and the Governed. By R. H. S. CROSSMAN. *Christopher's. 7s. 6d.*

Mr. Crossman's brilliant and attractive essay is both more and less than it purports to be. In form, it is an account of the political ideas and practice of Europe and America from the Reformation to the present time; in fact, it is an essay, at once challenging and incisive, upon our present discontents, seen in the light of their history. Read from this angle, it is an extraordinarily interesting book, the more so because Mr. Crossman is free from that tepidity which is the curse of academic minds, and is not afraid to confront the issues before us with not only a philosophy of his own, but with a set of judgments upon men and events which are always of real and vivid significance.

From this angle, the merits of his book are great. Mr. Crossman understands that the history of political ideas is not the history of abstract systems but of ideas born of events which were vital to the makers of systems. His Hobbes (some especially brilliant pages), Locke and Marx are really living men who are related to their times with an insight and sureness that are always arresting. It is good to see Marx treated as the real heir of the liberal tradition, and to have the British Labour Party explained in terms of that special background of doctrinal immaturity which alone gives meaning to its curious evolution. It is good, also, to have Hegel treated not only as the peer of Newton and Darwin, but also as one who was himself the victim, the very human victim, of the very limitations from which he freed his successors.

Naturally enough, Mr. Crossman is stronger upon some periods

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The President of the Board of Trade, after remarking that we did not help ourselves by living always in apprehension of an emergency, said last week that "the few pounds that we saved rather than buy a new suit was not going to help us if the emergency came. Yet it was just that feeling when it became widespread which slackened down trade, increased unemployment and decreased the power of the country to meet an emergency if it came."

Goss doesn't suppose that any reader of this paper wants either to put a man out of his job or to decrease the country's ability to meet an emergency should one arise.

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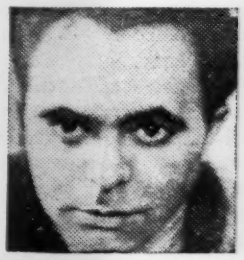

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than upon others. He is, I think, disappointing upon the medieval background; it was at once more complex and more profound than he makes it. Though there is much that is interesting and well said in his section on the American Revolution, it is out of perspective because it ends where the real significance of the Revolution begins; there is too much about the normal antithesis of Hamilton and Jefferson; there is not enough to make it understood that, over a century ago, all the problems of Europe were implicitly present in America, that, from this angle, the founders must be set in the context of John Taylor, of Colhoun, and the half-Marxists like Skidmore and Orestes Brownson if their full import is to be perceived. For the purposes of his theory, Mr. Crossman, I think, underestimates the world-significance of capitalism, with the result that he seems to me gravely to overestimate the degree to which Fascism is in any sense a new idea. It is from this overestimate that Mussolini emerges for him as a "brilliant thinker"; I should like the references to those of the Duce's published writings by which Mr Crossman would justify this view.

The volume contains the best brief account known to me of the background of the Nazi triumph in Germany; for this alone, had it not also much else that is admirable, the book would be well worth while. The earlier the achievement of national unity, as Mr. Crossman sees, the earlier the triumph of liberal democracy. The root of the German trouble is the persistence through a late unification of a feudal social structure into the epoch of grant industrialism. This has given to all the class-elements of society a different structure and content from what they contain in England, France and the United States. In Russia, industrial retardation made the overthrow of that feudal structure a relatively simple task. In Germany, industrial progress and administrative technique gave it a power against which social democracy strove in vain. Mr. Crossman is, I think, right in emphasising how much that failure is due to the assistance given to German reaction by international elements outside in the belief that, thereby, they were fighting Bolshevism. It is impossible to develop his argument here. It must suffice to say that it is the most brilliant section of a book throughout noteworthy for its courage and illumination.

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TO BYRON

To Lord Byron. By GEORGE PASTON and PETER QUENNELL. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Can nothing about Byron be boring? There must be books about his writing, which I either have not read or have forgotten, which are tedious. But anything about the man himself—especially anything new—seems bound to be fascinating. Here is a collection, or rather a selection, of letters addressed by thirteen women, mostly commonplace, to the poet and peer, and strung together elegantly by "George Paston" and Peter Quennell; the result is a book one can hardly stop reading till one has reached the last page. When one has reached it, one is comforted by remembering that these are only a handful scooped out of Mr. Murray's almost inexhaustible store, and that there is no reason why the series should not be continued. I hope it will be, and that the task of making bricks of straw will again be entrusted to Mr. Quennell. We are not told which parts of the presentation and annotation in this volume are by him, but I flatter myself I can recognise from time to time his light touch, pretty wit, acumen and syntactical laxity.

> Such was Byron's first glimpse of the unbridled feminine imagination, and of the distracting effect he himself often exercised upon it. Unfortunately, it was not the last or the least painful.

Whoever wrote these words was surely betrayed by alliteration into saying exactly the opposite of what he (or she) meant. For "least" I would read "most": for, seeing that the writer says "unfortunately," it is to be presumed that he (or she) is sorry that there was worse to come.

If Byron treated women badly, these letters afford some excuse. What a crew! There are exceptions of course: there was Lady Caroline Lamb. The editors are not blind to her faults, which were enormous; she was mad, vain, an egoist and (like Herr Hitler it seems) a fidget. But she was exquisitely seductive, artificially mannered and naturally clever, whimsical, generous, passionate and well educated. She was an enchantress. The editors are quite aware of her faults, but obviously they like her. And I hope their liking may do something to counteract the impression created by Lord David Cecil in his brilliant study of the young Melbourne. Lord David is such a good writer and thorough historian that his words carry weight. Being scrupulously honest, not only would he never dream of tampering with evidence, he would not willingly create a false impression; yet that, I believe, is what he has done. There is a lesson here for students. Lady Caroline was not at all the sort of person Lord David cares for; and because he writes well, his sentiment, for all his will to be impartial, permeates his prose. The editors, good writers, too, though concealing nothing to the lady's discredit, allow their liking to insinuate itself into their pages. Historical judgments are conditioned by the temperaments of historians, and the better they write the more inevitably will their feelings be communicated.

Though it would have been delightful to get letters from Lady Caroline, she is not the best of Byron's female correspondents. That honour goes to Harriette Wilson—a born letter-writer with natural style. Also the situation is sufficiently diverting: Don Juan and the famous courtesan each insisting that their relationship shall be kept chaste, and, what is more, keeping it so. Probably Lady Falkland was the poet's most preposterous adorer. To be sure, she was mad; but not charmingly mad in the manner of Lady Caroline—preposterously mad. The worst letters, perhaps, are those written by the beautiful Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. For this I am sorry, as I had a weakness for her. I now perceive that she was about the greatest ninny in Europe; and one can hardly blame Byron for keeping Lady Melbourne informed by daily letters of the progress of the siege and of the lady's final surrender, which was purely Platonic by the way: *une guerre blanche*. For the rest, Miss Mercer Elphinstone seems to have been the most agreeable woman Byron ever knew; if marry he must he should have married her; Claire Clairmont comes out rather well, and her letters are better than might have been expected; while those of two little shits, each Susan by name, give no ground for supposing that—however it may be now—at the beginning of the last century the proletariat had better heads or hearts than the quality. Some of these letters are good in themselves, most are silly and genteel, a few are execrable; but because they belong to the Byronic epopee, and because the editors have had the skill to put them in their places as parts of the epopee, all will be read with amusement and excitement even.

CLIVE BELL

THE HISTORY OF SOCIALISM

Democracy and Socialism. By ARTHUR ROSENBERG. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anything by Arthur Rosenberg is bound to be worth reading, and *Democracy and Socialism* is a worthy successor to the *History of Bolshevism* and *The Birth of the German Republic.* Venturing in his new book beyond the bounds of the special studies to which he had previously confined himself, he has sketched the history of the democratic and Socialist movements in Europe from the French Revolution till 1937, and has made the focus of his story the developments in France. Faced by a theme so vast as this, he has been compelled not only to compress but also to select his material, and the book is as interesting for what it omits as for what it includes. Here are no wishful thinking, no mock-heroics and no jargon, but a sober piece of historical analysis which can be compared for independence of judgment with the historical studies of Marx himself. Which is not to say that Marxists will necessarily approve of it!

The strength of *Democracy and Socialism* is that it starts not from the assumptions of the Labour Movement or an analysis of the industrial revolution, but from the pre-industrial revolutionary movements in France and America. Arthur Rosenberg selects Robespierre and Jefferson as the representatives of those movements of the people against their oppressors; and shows how little revolutionary democracy had to do with the formal democracy of representative institutions, or the pacifism of latter-day social democracy. The early democrats made a totalitarian claim for the omnipotence of the popular will, and had small regard for the "division of powers" or the defence of civil liberties, if those interfered with the enforcement of the popular will. If we regard democracy not as a political system but as a movement, the apparent inconsistency in Robespierre's use of the terror is removed, and we can see him as a statesman whose true successor was Lenin. Right up to 1848, the democratic movement retained this revolutionary tradition, and its leaders were more at home on the barricades than in the committee rooms of Parliament. A common purpose united Blanqui, the Chartists and Karl Marx.

The complete failure throughout Europe of the democratic revolution was followed in some countries by the introduction of democratic institutions, and in all by the disintegration of the united democratic movement and the growth of social democracy as the exclusive party of the industrial working class. Rosenberg shows how at the time when the middle classes were discovering that universal suffrage need have no terrors for them, since it was compatible both with the unhindered development of capitalism and the preservation of the social oligarchy, the industrial workers themselves took on the ideals of democracy and of liberalism and became fervent believers in the ballot-box, pacifism and Free Trade. The proletariat, which Marx had designated as the spearhead of revolution, became social democrats, deterred by improved social conditions from revolutionary activity, and impotent, owing to their class-conscious exclusiveness, to unite the nation against the growing power of monopoly capitalism. Where, as in the Paris Commune, the urban masses *did* show revolutionary energy, they were easily suppressed with the connivance of the other popular forces. Moreover, whereas before 1848 the democrats could claim to be the patriots, the new Marxist Labour Movements, by their lip-service to internationalism and their instinctive pacifism, enabled their opponents to divert nationalist sentiments into support of their privileges and of imperialism.

Rosenberg is too loyal a Marxist to suggest that the teaching of Marx and Engels contributed to this catastrophic weakening of the Left, but he admits that they misjudged the temper of the western social democratic parties and allotted them a role which they were totally unsuited to play. Under an expanding capitalism, the industrial worker could not remain a revolutionary, and his revolutionary slogans merely intensified his isolation from the rest of the people. Only in countries like Russia, Spain and China, where feudal conditions continued, could a popular revolutionary movement thrive, and here it would be not a class-party of the workers, but a popular movement on the pre-1848 model. *Democracy and Socialism* proves that the whole class-tactic of the Labour Movement was a ghastly mistake both from the point of view of the peaceful reformer and of the revolutionary. And it proves it by a Marxist analysis. Its final conclusion is that the British Labour Movement, which alone, in Rosenberg's

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analysis, has achieved a realistic national foreign policy, is the strongest Labour movement to-day!

Clearly this is not an "impartial" piece of history. Rosenberg has a *thesis*, but he substantiates it with a wealth of historical knowledge and a cool detachment of judgment which give his descriptions of Lasalle, the Commune and modern Fascism an authoritative solidity. If he does not tell us what to do, he at least indicates what we ought not to have done. His book would have been even more readable if he had retained the services of the brilliant translator of his earlier works. *Democracy and Socialism* reads too often like the worst "Germanese."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NINE GREAT RELIGIONS

The Bible of Mankind. Compiled and edited by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab. *Universal Publishing Co.* $5.

For the quick study of comparative religion this book is ideally suited. On the back is printed from nine different sources mankind's ideal of the Golden Rule: Do as you would be done by. Indeed the identity of instruction is what will certainly first strike the reader. Blessed are the poor in spirit, God is love, do not murder, honour your father, these reappear in almost identical terms. It may be Confucius, or Christ, or Zoroaster who is speaking. But on a second and nearer view differences emerge. Confucianism is seen as a tolerant and liberal philosophy such as might have been created for an English country gentleman of the nineteenth century. He would have found himself adjured not to shoot at a sitting bird, to be careful how he stepped into his carriage, to be just to one's enemies and kind to one's friends. "I have never seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty," might well have struck him as true, whether he took it as referring to æsthetic beauty or beauty in women. "'It is music,' they say. 'It is music,' they say. Are bells and drums all that is meant by music?" So indeed might the Victorian gentleman have wondered during Sunday afternoon visits to the Albert Hall or the Three Choirs' Festival.

It is interesting to compare, in the selection given here, Confucianism with Taoism. Though as broad and humane in its principles as Confucianism, Taoism is also pacifist, egalitarian, utopian, and revolutionary. "In the highest antiquity the people did not know that there were their rulers. In that age they loved and praised them. In the next they feared them. In the next they despised." A pretty sound forecast of history. In Taoism there is, too, a mystical element absent from the doctrine of Confucius. What is Tao? It is odd to see a word so unfamiliar stressed to all-meaning as we are used to stressing the word God. It might be defined as Being or Life Force, rather than God. "Tao may be defined as the *Mother* of all things." This matriarchic conception is quite different from anything we encounter in Christianity.

The other contrast is, of course, between Christianity and Judaism. The one might be described as the religion of the Chosen People, the other of the elect person. Mr. Sohrab has made an excellent anthology from the two Testaments, from which, however, curiously the Song of Solomon has been omitted.

I enjoy reading anecdotes of the prophets (Mr. Sohrab tends to exclude them). Confucius is a source of delightful anecdotes. I pick out this one about Mohammed.

> Some captives appeared before the Prophet, and lo, a woman of the captives whose breasts were flowing with milk, when she found her child amongst the captives, took it and clasped it to her breast and suckled it. Then the Prophet said: "Do you think that this woman would throw her child into the fire?"
>
> We replied: "No."
>
> He said: "God is more merciful towards his servants than this woman towards her child."

The religions brought together in this book are Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Judaism, Christianity, Islam and the Bahai Cause: about 70 pages to each. The Bahai Cause is the latest of these and the least familiar. Bab, the forerunner, was born in Shiraz, in 1819. He was finally caught and shot. The shots missed but pierced his bonds, freeing him. He ran away and was killed. If instead he had walked resolutely towards the firing party his religion would probably have swept the country. Baha-U-Llah, the Revelator, was born two years earlier. Their doctrine was one of reform: liberation of women from the harem, putting aside of the veil, education, equal opportunities with men for social service. This exhortation of Baha-U-Llah is characteristic: "O concourse of monks! Withdraw not into churches and sanctuaries. Come forth, with my permission, and occupy yourself with that which will benefit you and the souls of others likewise." There is a very agreeable vein of poetry and of autobiography running through the pages of this enlightened sage.

Mr. Sohrab brings together these nine great religions in the hope that mankind will combine them in the future. "The only possible union," he says, "is not one of organisation or creeds, but of principles laid down by all the prophets, a religious brotherhood of free souls united on the basis of freedom." How far alas! from what we see round us to-day.

G. W. STONIER

FRANCE DISINTEGRATED

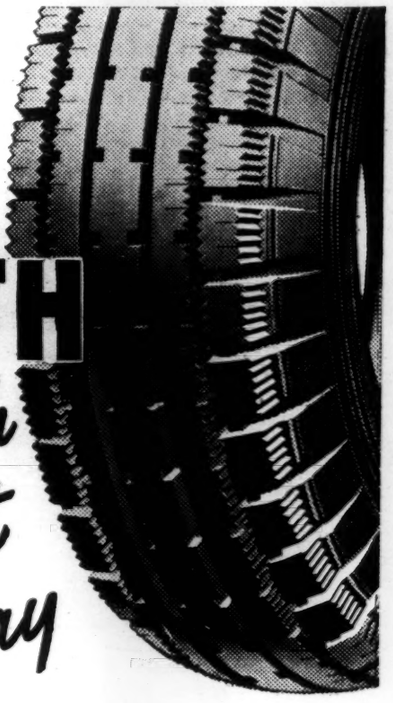
France and Munich. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Chamberlain has cause to feel grateful to the author of this carefully documented, admirably lucid analysis of the part played by France in the tragedy which culminated this year in the German occupation of Prague and the flight across the Pyrenees of the broken army of Republican Spain. For though Mr. Werth, I suspect, would hardly include the British Prime Minister in his private gallery of heroes, his book is a corrective to the argument that, in relation both to Czechoslovakia and Spain, all the cowardice and hypocrisy, all the readiness to betray democracy came from those in power in London, while the French Government and people were deflected from heroism by the irresolution—and worse—of their ally. That illusion is finally disposed of by this book. The France of 1937–39 which it depicts is a France rotten with "nothing worth dying for" pacifism, led by a Government and a press for whose qualities defeatism is too kind a term.

Mr. Werth sticks closely to his last, which is that of the incisive *rapporteur*. Occasionally he permits himself a pungent phrase—M. Bonnet facing the Chamber tight-lipped "like a lizard waiting to be attacked"—but in the main he restrains his antipathies and is content to let the facts work for them. On the people of France, who watched apathetically the gathering of the storm-clouds, suffered—like the Englishman in the street—a week of shocked panic, and greeted Munich with a first rush of overwhelming, unreflective relief, he passes no verdict of his own. This he leaves to two anonymous Frenchmen whose conversation he overheard in a café. "*Quel soulagement!*" "*Hm, oui, enfin. . . . C'est le soulagement qu'on éprouve le moment où on a fait dans sa culotte.*" There is nothing, it seems to me, which need be added to this description of the mingled shame and satisfaction which ordinary people in England and France alike felt at the news that the Czechs had been "sold out." If I have any complaint to make against Mr. Werth's objectivity it is that he does not venture his own explanation of the basic motives actuating *les Munichois* and their suborned newspapers. It is conceivable that the British ruling coterie, typified by Mr. Chamberlain, held quite sincerely (no matter how naively) the view that Anglo-German partnership—cf. the F.B.I.'s Dusseldorf agreement last March—might succeed in preserving peace by carving up the world afresh. But what was M. Bonnet's objective? Presumably the French policy of *repliement* was based, like the policy of appeasement in Whitehall, partly on dread of a war for which the democracies were unprepared, and partly on the assumption that a deal could be done with Hitler which would make it worth his while to eschew adventures—in the West.

No theories on that point are aired by Mr. Werth. He leaves his readers to draw their own inferences from a recital of the facts, brilliantly marshalled and supported by press extracts which will be invaluable to the future historian. He shows how MM. Daladier and Bonnet marched step by step with the "appeasers" in London throughout the sorry farce of non-intervention in Spain and the sordid business of extorting concession after concession from the reluctant Beneš. But in the end it was the French Government, rather than the British, who carried off the palm for "preparing" Munich. General Gamelin's report on French military resources was communicated to Whitehall in a deliberately distorted form; in "crisis week" the British communiqué promising full assistance if France resisted a German invasion of Czechoslovakia was described in Bonnet's papers as a "probable forgery"; and before Mussolini's intervention the French Ambassador in Berlin had been instructed to make "fresh proposals" which virtually accepted the Godesberg ultimatum and sabotaged any possibility of "standing up to Hitler" at Munich.

It is a sordid picture which emerges from Mr. Werth's scrupulously fair account of the 1938 crisis from the Paris angle.



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He ends on a note of optimism. France, he considers, has been awakened from defeatism and treachery by the Duce's now undisguised Mediterranean ambitions and by the force of England's belated example, when the events of last March stripped the last shred of camouflage from Germany's claims to world hegemony. One would be happier if it were not for the knowledge that in Paris, as in London, the same men are in power as in September, 1938, and the same influences—dormant for the moment—are capable of re-exerting themselves. AYLMER VALLANCE

A TRAGEDIAN'S TRAGEDY

Kean. By GILES PLAYFAIR. *Geoffrey Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Consider the image of the strolling player and of the actor as "rogue and vagabond," fixed by romantic art upon the imagination of a generation that has no opportunity of judging the grand manner on the stage.

Dickens and his illustrators provide examples. The player (see, particularly, the "dying clown" plate in *The Pickwick Papers*) ought to storm through innumerable barns, on pitiable pay, only to find himself expiring at last upon some straw-covered pallet, extending emaciated arms in fever towards his withered wife—she holding half-starved babes to her inadequate breasts.

Is it fantastic—mere melodrama? It is the hardly exaggerated picture of the early life of Edmund Kean whom nostalgic admirers of great acting to-day would perhaps rather re-animate for a performance of his Richard III, his Shylock, his Giles Overreach, and (in patches) his Othello and his Macbeth, than any great English actor of the past—even the greater Garrick who would be encumbered in our sight by ridiculously irrelevant costumes. Kean, we feel, would have inspired us, as he inspired Coleridge, to "read Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." We cannot believe that Coleridge and Byron, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, Crabb Robinson, Talfourd, Fanny Kemble and a host of critics in a press then permitted to criticise severely, can have been deceived by mere "rant"—word now applied by actors who cannot be heard in large theatres to their forerunners in theatres so large that any tone but that of high declamation would have sounded a whisper.

After the conscientious and self-conscious John Philip Kemble, Kean evidently renovated the whole conception of Shakespearian impersonation: we must take Hazlitt's word for that. If he could seldom build up a character, piece by piece, into a consistent whole—his Shylock and his Richard may have been exceptions—he could flame into sudden accesses of heart-rending remorse and terrifying rage. It was the demoniacal acting of despair. For in spite of an arrogance derived, self-defensively, from early neglect and suffering, despair was always dangerously close to the injured soul of Kean—the tortured, triumphant and finally degraded "bastard son of a strumpet and a lunatic," as his latest biographer so plainly puts it.

Mr. Giles Playfair tells the story again, brightly and patiently, after four others—after Barry Cornwall, who was coached by Kean's distressed widow; after Hawkins, who was readable, and Molloy, who was dramatic; and after Mr. Hildebrand, whose excellent study, published in New York five years ago, might make this new biography seem unnecessary, were it not that Mr. Playfair has made some small discoveries and corrected a few inaccuracies in earlier accounts.

His is the most sympathetic recital yet published of Kean's *private* life as it crossed and destroyed his public career. One regrets only that he does not quote all or enough of those contemporary witnesses whom Kean was lucky in finding to celebrate his satanic powers. Of these, Hazlitt (in early days) and Fanny Kemble, after Kean's death in poverty and disgrace, are the most moving. They convince us that the great tragedian made tragedy out of his own inner rebellion and bitter memories. And, though all acting is artifice, it is surely a misjudgment to say, as Mr. Playfair does (p. 54), that Kean's innovations were "superb devices" that did not depend on natural gifts. The exact opposite appears to be proved by the collapse of Kean's acting after vigour and inspiration deserted him. Nothing was then left but a wreck; with no "devices" for concealing the collapse.

RICHARD JENNINGS

Sir William D'avenant. By ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT. *Cambridge University Press.* 20*s.*

It cannot have been often, even in the topsy-turvy days of the Great Civil War, that the son of a publican was knighted by his king. It must be even rarer in English history that one of his particular sort of pedigree rose to be poet laureate. But the infant who on March 3rd, 1606, at Oxford "was baptised William Devenet, the sonne of John Devenet, vintener" and who in the days of his pride took style of D'avenant only to be deprived by posterity of the aristocratic Norman apostrophe, was born to even wider claims upon biographical notice. To the gentler occupations of poet, playwright and—despite an even more exiguous smattering of the classics than his immortal godfather—philosopher, he added those of Cavalier general, roysterer in the London taverns and pirate on the high seas. He killed a man in a brawl and had to fly into hiding for his life. He became the Queen's favourite messenger and was let off. The experience did not cure him; again his sword point got him into trouble, though this time not fatally. Once he was marched to prison for debt and once he was very near death in the Tower for his privateering exploits; another arrest for debt was only averted when his friends of the London dives wrested him from the hands of the bailiffs. Not so long afterward he became the chief of London's theatre managers, first producer of opera in English and collaborator of Dryden with takings of three thousand pounds a month in seventeenth century money. Meantime he loved often, married thrice, and by his third wife achieved nine (or it may have been ten) sons between his fifty-first and sixty-third years. But of course his rarest distinction was to have been godson to William Shakespeare. Some even said son. Where was he going in such a hurry, asked the Head of one of the Oxford Colleges when he was still a small boy. "To my God-Father Shakespeare," he answered. "Fie, child," rebuked the scholastic gentleman, "Why are you so superfluous? Have you not learned yet that you should not use the name of God in vain." In later years, however, D'avenant learned to use the name of Shakespeare so far as he himself was concerned anything but in vain. The intricate problems connected with his relationship Mr. Nethercot argues out most learnedly and entertainingly, as he deals with all the other facets of D'avenant's astonishing versatility. One is almost tempted to say that his book is too good to sell for twenty shillings.

Reason and Intuition. By J. L. STOCKS; edited with an Introduction by DOROTHY M. EMMET. *Oxford Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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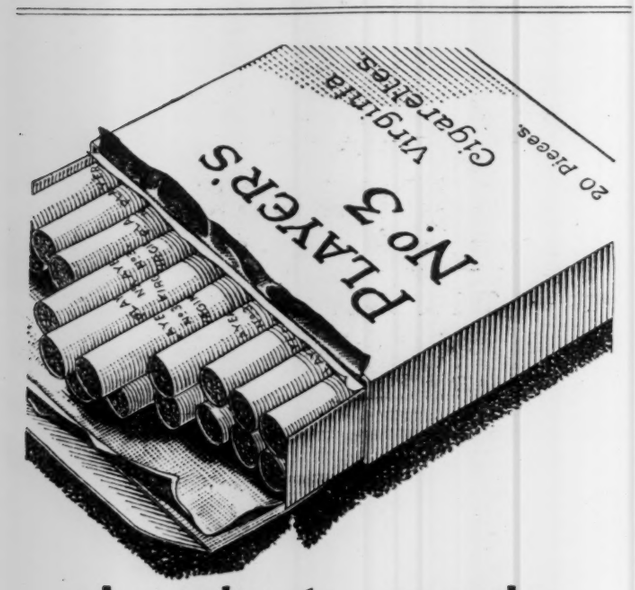

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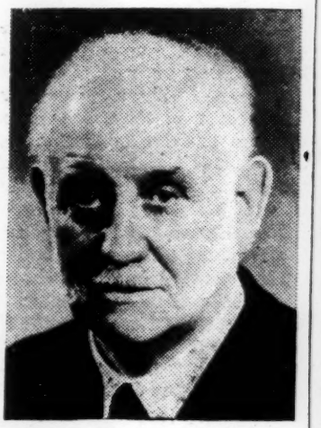

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ship of Greek philosophy; it is his Aristotelianism which gives a unity to this book. For the famous antithesis of Form and Matter is used to justify not only an idealist theory of knowledge but a belief in democracy. In two especially interesting essays, "Materialism in Politics" and "The Philosophy of Democracy," we are told that the relation of form to matter is the proper relation of government to people; each is necessary to the other; the people has "desires," only its representatives can turn them into "corporate decisions" ("will"). Thus Marxism is a false recipe because it denies "will"; so also Rousseauian and Benthamite democracy are one-sided, "materialistic"; it is consistent, though mistaken, for all three to regard government as a necessary evil and for Rousseauism to reject representation. Stocks scorns the General Will. But it may be suspected that, along with the denial that a state is only a sum of individuals, he substitutes for a general will something unacknowledged like a "common good," the continual possibility—which rules out the euthanasia of government—of a synthesis of desires. In another connection he calls the philosophy of democracy empiricism. But what if experience shows that there are questions whose solution is *prior* to any common good—and so to any question of democracy, *à la* Stocks or *à la* Godwin? If so, there is a loss of logical force in Stocks's criticism—the classical criticism—of the notion that a community of perfectly good men would not require to be governed.

This English Language. By SIR DENISON ROSS. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

The primary purpose of this book is to conduct the foreigner already familiar with the English language into the corners of it so familiar to Englishmen that they have never consciously explored them, as the Londoner is reputed never to visit the Tower or the Abbey. The author, a distinguished linguist and student of language, has compiled in the space of two hundred and fifty pages a list of the common words and phrases which every English child must absorb through its skin, so to speak, even without being subjected to education . . . lines from the Bible so part of the general idiom of speech that often only the learned would know where to place them; classical and historical allusions; tags; notions from all sorts of literature from the *Pilgrims Progress* to the *Bab Ballads*, and characters from the same; odds and ends of speech derived from advertisement, habits of conviviality, the anecdotes known as "chestnuts" (in itself an example), etc. As Sir Denison Ross remarks in his Introduction, "This stock-in-trade or repertory may be said to form the physiognomy of a language, as grammar and vocabulary form its anatomy," and the fluent but nevertheless occasionally puzzled foreigner at a loose end for some passing word or reference will here find the meaning and the source of the thing that puzzles him. The amount that the author has managed to pack in, considering the immensity of the subject and the limitation of his space, is truly impressive. There is a useful index.

BOOKS TO COME

Hermann Rauschning, the author of *Germany's Revolution of Destruction*, coming from Heinemann on June 29th, which was reviewed in these columns on February 25th, by R. H. S. Crossman, is an ex-Nazi chief, a Prussian of the land-owning class who joined the National Socialist Party in the belief that it represented Germany's only hope of emancipation. When, as President of the Danzig Parliament, he found that he was expected to disenfranchise or murder opponents of the regime and other innocent persons, he left the Party, a profoundly disillusioned man. His book is an account of the Nazi plan for world domination.

Heinemanns are also publishing on the same day a reading version of J. B. Priestley's *Johnson Over Jordan*, with explanatory notes by the author. Mr. Priestley, who was very much disappointed by the failure of his most ambitious dramatic venture, has added a 6,000-word postcript on the fate of the play and his reasons for writing it.

On June 27th Allen and Unwin will publish an informative book on *Children in the Cinema*, by Mr. Richard Ford, who is chairman of the movement controlling, organising and directing all children's matinees in the Odeon circuit, the largest unit of special children's performances in the world. Over four million children go to cinemas in Great Britain every week. In the first book in English on this subject, Mr. Ford discusses the kind of programme suitable for their entertainment.

Dent is issuing on June 29th a new book by Conrad Noel, the "Red" vicar of Thaxted. Mr. Noel, whose Socialist interpretation of Christianity has caused considerable criticism, is here concerned to show that the heresy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next. Another life of Christ, written from a human and personal point of view, *Jesus: A Biography*, is coming from Duckworth later on in the summer. It is by Hugh J. Schonfield, author of *A Jewish History of Christianity*, whose sources include material hitherto unused. Mr. Schonfield's object has been to present a life of Jesus free from either rationalist or Christian bias.

Mr. Basil Collier has followed up his pleasant excursion into Southern France, *To Meet the Spring*, with a comprehensive and detailed study of the Roussillon and the Cerdagne, which will be published by Dent on June 29th under the title, *Catalan France*. Curiously few English people have visited this most fascinating of French provinces, with its astonishing contrasts in climate and scenery and its unbroken traditional life. Mr. Collier's study of its topography, history, art and customs is illustrated with drawings in line and wash by Helen Kapp.

Another book on France which will be published on June 27th by the Bodley Head is *Reasons for France*, by John Brangwyn. Mr. Brangwyn has travelled extensively through the country, making it his business and pleasure to sojourn in French villages and small towns and find out how the inhabitants earn their living. In describing the life of the French craftsman, he aims at revealing the essential stability and culture which are sometimes obscured by the confusion of French politics.

A new collection of sea studies by Mr. James Hanley, *Between the Tides*, will be published by Methuen on June 29th. The recollections and impressions of a sailor, they are cast in the form of a series of essays on a small tramp steamer and her crew. Mr. Hanley has also brought the family history of the Furys to an end in a novel, *Our Time is Gone*, which will be published by the Bodley Head later in the summer.

Under the title *Men, Women and Marriage*, a light-hearted anthology of stories, verses and epigrams on the human race by authors ranging from Sir Thomas Browne and Miss Austen to Damon Runyon and Stevie Smith, will be published by Allen and Unwin on June 27th. The anthologist is Mr. C. Kent Wright, the genial Town Clerk of Stoke Newington, who has broadcast a series of talks on "The Parish Pump" and written a book on the lighter side of local government. The present volume is wittily illustrated by Elise Lindley Sims.

It is gratifying to hear that *The Mystery of the Fate of the Ark of the Covenant* will be solved in a book of this title to be published by Williams and Norgate on June 27th. The author, the Rev. Cyril C. Dobson, relates the discovery of a Cryptogram in the Bible inserted by Jeremiah revealing how he rescued the Ark at the burning of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar.

The Emperor Charles V, by Karl Brandi, announced by Cape for June 23rd, will not now be published until the autumn.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

COLUMBIA'S issue of the Bloch Violin Concerto is the most valuable piece of pioneer work performed by the gramophone since Decca published the Walton Symphony. Such enterprise deserves to be rewarded; and no one who buys the set need fear disappointment, for this is the sort of music which repays study, being full of harmonic interest and highly original in orchestration and design. To those who wish to probe its secrets I recommend the reduced facsimile of the composer's exquisite autograph score which Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes publish at ten shillings. Whatever one's ultimate opinion of the work, it is quite fascinating to follow these records with the score; the more closely it is examined, the more individual does the musical tissue prove to be, and one cannot be too grateful to the Columbia Co. for providing us with an opportunity of learning the work thoroughly. The soloist in these four records is Szigeti, who played the concerto at its Cleveland *première* and again last March with Sir Thomas Beecham at Queen's Hall; on this occasion he is accompanied by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch.

Bloch has himself warned us against seeking in the concerto for evidence of any specifically Jewish inspiration or influence such as we find in a great deal of his music. Yet his use of the brass and something in the cut of his melodic line is recognisably Oriental; and the persistent impression is of a spirit mature, disillusioned but still romantic, the spirit of a man who lives fully in the twentieth century but loves also to lose himself in the splendour and pathos of a distant past. This music, like Beethoven's, is a music of conflict, but the outcome is very different: not a victory, but a withdrawal. How could it be otherwise? That jubilant, triumphant assertion of the human will which forms the climax of the *Fifth Symphony* could hardly be expected in a concerto of 1938. Composers are men as well as musicians; and Bloch is too deeply sincere a composer to pretend to emotions which he cannot feel. His long first movement conceals nothing of the anguish and distress of contemporary living; we are witnesses of a struggle—announced by solemn, remote fanfares—between good and evil, hatred and love, peace and war. The tension reaches a terrible pitch (p. 52 of the score) and dies away unresolved. There follows the *andante*, a nostalgic, legendary, pastoral interlude: wood-wind and harp announce a theme of antique mien (*semplice ed incoloro*) whose open fourths fall on the ear with delicious coolness after the preceding turmoil, and the entry of the solo violin, *pianissimo* and off the key, is not only highly characteristic of the composer but wonderfully beautiful. The movement is all too short; the contemporary world returns, and the old themes re-engage in the old struggle; but something of the inner peace of the *andante*

London Amusements

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All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. Of Mice and Men. Tu., Th.
COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.
COMEDY. Tony Draws a Horse. Wed., Fri.
COV. GDN Opera Ho. Russian Ballet. W.S.
DRURY LANE. The Dancing Years. W., S.
DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. Thurs., Sat.
GLOBE. Rhondda Roundabout. Wed., Sat.
PALACE. Under Your Hat. Tues. & Thurs.
PRINCES. When We Are Married. Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.
SADLER'S WELLS. D'Oyly Carte Opera. S.
ST. JAMES'. After the Dance. June 28
SAVILLE. Geneva. Sat.
SAVOY. Design for Living. Wed., Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Bridge Head. Wed., Sat.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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remains, and there is even a naive *gioioso* episode in the manner of Dvorak which, in spite of the marking, is more pathetic than joyful, as though in the heat of the battle one were to stumble upon an oasis of simple, rustic happiness. When this episode returns it is *da lontano* on the solo violin: simplicity and tenderness are not enough to dispel the urgencies of our time. No doubt others will feel the sense of the music differently, and it should be understood that this is only "programme music" in the sense that Beethoven's music is; what is certain is that it reveals depths of human feeling as far as possible removed from the neo-Russo-Gallic frigidity of the post-war period: evidently a composer need no longer be ashamed of possessing a heart. Since no other violinist has so far played the work, it would be slightly absurd to praise Szigeti's interpretation, but its authenticity is evident, and the execution, save for a few "feathery" notes near the beginning, admirable.

William Walton's *Quartet for Piano and Strings* was written when he was only sixteen, that is to say, at the end of the war. It is now played on four Decca records by the Reginald Paul Piano Quartet. The music speaks with extraordinary confidence; naturally immaturities are to be detected—a "period" leaning towards modal melody and in particular towards the superficially attractive but intellectually monotonous pentatonic scale; in the slow movement an uninhibited, almost Brahmsian romanticism; in the quick movements an occasional fussy little *fugato* of the sort which no student can resist, countered by elaborate *tremolo* passages which the student is told to avoid in chamber music and consequently plasters in out of sheer cussedness. But for the most part a fresh and extremely likeable personality is revealed in these early pages, and the *andante*, whether derivative or not, is perfectly lovely to listen to. The most original movement is the last, foreshadowing that nervous, sparring, "on the toes" manner characteristic of much of Walton's maturer music (*Portsmouth Point*, *Façade*, the Scherzo of the *Viola Concerto*). Performance and recording are both excellent.

This does not exhaust the unfamiliar music with which the companies have showered us this month. Columbia is in a particularly adventurous mood, their list including not only the Bloch but Holbrooke's *Clarinet Quintet* and a Reger *Suite for Unaccompanied Cello in G major*. The latter, occupying four sides, is only a small part of that voluminous composer's Op. 131, which comprises also two more 'cello suites, three suites for solo viola, Preludes and Fugues for solo violin, and some miscellaneous "Duos, Canons and Fugues for violins." I cannot say that I put on these records with any great expectation of pleasure: I do not greatly care for what Reger I have heard, and music for unaccompanied strings needs to be extraordinarily good if the ear is not to be wearied by the lack of harmony and tonal variety. To my surprise, however, I found myself not only liking but positively encoring the whole Suite! My interest was partly due to Feuermann's performance, which must be called magnificent: his tone is glorious throughout, and not even Casals is always so dead in tune in the upper reaches of the A string. But the music itself is noble, easy and flowing, quite free from those knots and tangles which most composers consider indispensable in solo string music; only the final movement, a Fugue, begins to strain the resources of the medium. Holbrooke's *Clarinet Quintet* is very attractive at a first hearing; admittedly the composer who cannot delight us with the sheer sound of this delicious combination is no composer, but Holbrooke's themes, which derive from the more lyrical and diatonic passages of Wagner, are in themselves most agreeable. The charms of the work, however, lie mostly on the surface, and the last movement, a Scherzo, is altogether too slight. The music occupies three records, and the performance, by Reginald Kell and the Willoughby String Quartet, is exemplary. The accompanying leaflet, by the way, is both intemperate and illiterate: "Unlike the classical works for clarinet, the part is written showing the extraordinary capacity of the clarinet both in register and expression." Poor Mozart, poor Brahms! Again, "it must be recognised that the old classical writers really wrote for most wind instruments in their day, the same as they did for strings. The genus [*sic*] of every wind instrument is, of course, different; and totally different from string writing."

If the Viennese classics have, for once in a way, to take a back seat, they have not been forgotten; both Haydn and Beethoven are represented by supremely beautiful compositions, the latter by his great, neglected *Weihe des Hauses* Overture, written just before the *Ninth Symphony*—one of those works, rare in Beethoven, in which the composer revels in the sheer mastery of his craft. It consists of a massive introduction in march tempo, followed by an elaborate double fugue based on a Handelian subject and bearing no resemblance to the rough-hewn polyphony of Beethoven's late keyboard music, but rather recalling the finale of Mozart's *Jupiter* in its sovereign ease and monumental C major tonality. The building whose inauguration Beethoven so magnificently celebrates was only the Josefstadt Theatre in Vienna; it should have been at least St. Paul's. The performance by the L.P.O. under Weingartner is splendid, and fills three Columbia sides, the fourth containing the touching episode of Clärchen's death from the *Egmont* music—an ideal contrast. No less admirable are three H.M.V. records of the last Haydn Symphony (*No. 104 in D major*), played by Edwin Fischer's Chamber Orchestra. Haydn is just beginning to come into his own as one of the greatest of composers; I do not recall a more profoundly beautiful episode in all classical music than that in the slow movement of this symphony, when the strings take the theme to a *pianissimo* in the extremely remote key of D flat major, and, after a breathless pause, the wood-wind answer in C sharp minor. No more than an enharmonic modulation, a proceeding common enough both before and since; but in its context an incomparable stroke of genius. The Dresden Opera Orchestra records of Strauss's *Don Juan* (under Karl Böhm, two H.M.V.s) do not maintain the level of their marvellous *Meistersinger* set, and the oboe solo, in particular, cannot compete in beauty of tone and distinction of phrasing with Leon Goossens's performance in the L.P.O. set conducted for H.M.V. by Böhm's Dresden predecessor, Fritz Busch: indeed, the latter version is altogether preferable. The Debussy *Nocturnes* and Toscanini's *G minor* have not arrived in time for review this month.

There are three excellent piano records: Gieseking (Col.) in Ravel's enormously difficult *Scarbo*, the brilliant Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau (Parl.) in Chopin's *Third Ballade*, and Eileen Joyce (Parl.) in four of Grieg's *Lyrical Pieces*. Temianka (Parl.) fiddles charmingly in two of Schumann's Op. 94 *Romances*. Edouard Commette (Col.) plays the "Little" *E minor Prelude and Fugue* of Bach on the Lyons Cathedral organ; the Prelude is on the reedy side for English ears, but the Fugue is admirable. Schlusnus (Decca) sings well two dullish Beethoven songs, *Andenken* and *Der Wachtelschlag*. Extremely desirable are two small Decca records by Julius Patzak of excerpts from Bach's *Passions*: from the *St. Matthew* comes the exquisite elegy with chorus and oboe *obbligato*, "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen," and from the *St. John* the anguished "Ach, mein Sinn," in which Bach tremblingly identifies himself with the faithless Peter. Patzak cannot altogether disguise the difficulties of Bach's unvocal line, but it is rare to hear so charming a quality of tone in this music.

I must apologise for an omission and a slip in last month's notes. The Mozart Quartet referred to was the last, *K. 590 in F major*. The violist in the Brahms songs sung by Nancy Evans was not Douglas Thomson, as I stated, but Max Gilbert.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 485

Set by Critic

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best imaginary sayings of the day by famous people. Libel should be avoided by entrants who hope to win a prize. For examples see the end of Critic's London Diary this week.

No entry to exceed 300 words in length.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 23rd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 2nd, 1939.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 21st, 1939.

Singleton Park, Swansea. EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

NORTHERN IRELAND COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

Applications are invited for the post of Secretary-Organiser. Commencing salary £400–£500 per annum according to qualifications. Intimate experience of Social Service work essential, together with ability to speak in public and knowledge of organising, committee work and running of clubs, community centres and other voluntary schemes for unemployed. Northern Ireland experience very desirable.

The work will consist mainly in assisting the Council to co-ordinate, develop and promote Social Service among unemployed in Northern Ireland. Selected candidates may be required for interview in Belfast in July.

Applications (no prescribed forms) giving full details of qualifications and accompanied by copies of recent testimonials, should reach the Acting Secretary, 29 Wellington Place, Belfast, not later than Friday, June 30th, 1939.

CITY OF OXFORD

APPOINTMENT OF CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment at a salary of £150 rising in accordance with the Council's Grading Scheme to £220. The post is designated under the Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, and have had good experience in Library work with children.

Applications in candidate's own handwriting, stating age, qualifications, and experience, and accompanied by not more than three recent testimonials, must be delivered to the City Librarian, St. Aldate's, not later than the first post, Saturday, June 24th.

A. HOLT, Town Clerk.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF HALIFAX

APPOINTMENT OF TEMPORARY ARCHIVIST

Applications are invited for the position of temporary Archivist, to be responsible for the transcribing, cataloguing and arranging of the manuscripts, etc., of Shibden Hall, Halifax. Part of the work has already been carried out. The appointment is for a period of twelve months. Some knowledge of Latin, Norman-French and Early English is desirable.

The salary offered is £200 per annum.

Forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, West House, Halifax (on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope), to whom they must be returned not later than Saturday, July 8th.

WANTED: Experienced leader for girls' club (14–16), meeting one night weekly, Fulham. Salary. Apply before 30.6.39 to MISS BROWN, 46 Sheffield Terr., W.8.

WANTED: Intelligent working housekeeper to live with family, Welwyn Garden City. Capable of taking charge of cooking and one toddler. Box 5319.

WANTED somebody to help run small Guest House, June–September. Eight bedrooms. Free time daily. State age and wage wanted. MRS. LEONARD, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

PARTNER wanted for progressive Nursery School in Chelmsford. Must be able to undertake musical work with young children and to share moderate running expenses. Box 5356.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED —continued

YOUNG Journalist-Research Assistant for press work and political propaganda. Membership of Labour Party and knowledge of Labour Movement essential. Salary £5 per week (Contributory Pensions Scheme). Applications stating qualifications to Box 5358.

TO AUTHORS. Woman (33), high-school and University education 10 years' experience secretarial and journalistic work, offers services to author living in country or by sea, in return living expenses. Write MISS WINN STEPHENS, Flat 47, 6/9 Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.1.

BARRISTER, aged 30, B.A., LL.B. (Cambridge), eight years legal and business experience; perfect command of Spanish; seeks part or whole time employment. Box 5349.

CAR-OWNING lady wishes place her wide secretarial experience at disposal of philanthropist or philanthropic society in the country. Salary secondary consideration if hospitality offered. Box 5203.

RUSSIAN post-graduate student would teach Russian in return for hospitality and expenses during summer vacation. Box 5249.

YOUNG Woman Graduate (Hons. French, Italian) available at once secretarial post. Good shorthand, typing; varied experience. Box 5369.

MEDICAL student seeks unusual vacation job, July–August, preferably abroad or sea-going. Box 5340.

WOMAN B.Sc. (First Class Honours Botany, Subsidiary Chemistry) desires secretarial, intelligence, literary post. French, German. Marriage bar necessitates change. Box 5295.

SCHOOL Matron (French, German teaching qualifications) wishes post in school or institution. Free July. Good English references. Box 5312.

WRITER requires secretary-housekeeper, resident. Literary experience, good English. Socialist. Full particulars: Box 5357.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 951

PERSONAL

SKETCHING IN NORMANDY. July, August. MARTIN BLOCH takes a small number interested people. Cheap accommodation near Dieppe. Apply now: 59 Edwardes Square, W.8.

WOULD anybody kindly offer two months' hospitality to Austrian refugee couple, biologist and wife? English references. Box 5353.

REFUGEE brother and sister (girl 11, boy 9) are looking for a kind home from August. If possible in country. Some financial support could be given. Box No. 2, c/o Thames House Bookshop, S.W.1.

RUSSIAN tuition, in all branches, by trained, experienced native lady teacher. London references. Central. Box 5248.

LONDON schoolgirl, 16 years old, German, wishes to spend August holidays in family, country or seaside, to improve her English. On moderate terms. 12 Montrose Court, N.W.11.

WEEK-ENDS. Who would like to join party country drives in old car and share running expenses? Box 5373.

WILL somebody help young refugee student (18) to carry on for Medical Psychology? Any university town. Box 5333.

YOUNG musician with wide musical knowledge needed as collaborator for certain remuneration. Box 5359.

FOR those who are not quite able to deal with normal life, a real home with understanding and experienced care, on psychological lines is offered in beautiful country house.—Drs. references. Box 5345.

THE INSTITUTE OF PRIVATE SECRETARIES invites enquiries for those requiring Private Secretaries of either sex. (No fees.) For comprehensive brochure apply SECRETARY (NS), 8 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2 (Holborn 2208).

A SMALL group of craft workers desire one or two more to join, sharing expenses of simple household in beautiful country. Land adjoining available. Box 5030.

WEEK-ENDS (with Fruitarian Cookery teaching and Health Lecture). 12s. 6d. Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

NUDIST CLUB, RESIDENTIAL: 15 minutes from Marble Arch (Telephone: Gla. 6153). Equipped for table tennis, artificial sunlight, exercises, dancing, darts, etc., hot and cold showers. Write enclosing stamped envelope. SECRETARY, 72 Shoot Up Hill, N.W.2.

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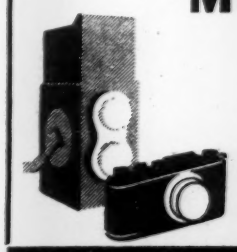

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W.1

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"Goddard's" **Liquid Polish** 9d & 1/3

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 483

Set by Charles Bertram

Messrs. Lyons make the practice of advertising their hotels with prose poems entitled "Two can stay in Town." This method might be adapted to obtaining new readers for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. We offer the usual prizes for the most persuasive advertisements. If possible the original should be studied.

Report by Charles Bertram

Competitors found many reasons why THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should be read. It provides one with matter for a week-end, it sends one swiftly to sleep, it racks the mind, depresses hope, provides a substitute for thought or provokes thought. Admirable. "L. M. J." put it acidly:

> This paper but tries to say what is wise and though it seems dull
> it has a great pull, though brows that are low may find it "no go"
> the mind that's refined can follow it blind.

Everyone seemed to agree that the *N.S.* tries to be clever and sometimes succeeds; that its politics are murky pink, its brows lofty, its prose purple. "Be cultured for 6*d.* a week," said L. W. Baily, putting it succinctly. Much the best were Charles Furbank and L. W. Baily.

FIRST PRIZE

YOU CAN READ

You can read
Lovable Lynd,
The Happy Philosopher, Radio Luxembourg's
Only rival.
Great House Garden Hints from
Bloomsbury's super Ceres, Sackville-West,
And very satirical poems by Sagittarius,
Very.
A good Russian comic occasionally;
Strange young women surprisingly often.
Forster when he feels like an easy fiver,
And any amount of letters from Lancelot Hogben.
Enthusiastic reviews of Elizabeth Bowen's books,
And merry cynic Stonier cocking sorry snooks.
All Highbrow, All Hilarious, All Honour-the-Working-Class.
And finally, Mine Host Martin
That fearless friend of Democracy,
And millions of other merry old beggars,
In THE STATESMAN.

CHARLES FURBANK

SECOND PRIZE

BE CULTURED FOR 6D. A WEEK

Are you up to date on the latest happenings in Literature, Art, Drama and Politics? More important, do you know what you think about them? Do you know what the *élite* think about them? To read most newspapers is to be "at sea," but to read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be "in the swim."

We are "pink"—we admit it frankly, because we believe that the "pink" attitude is essentially the *correct* attitude to-day. You should be "pink" if you wish to be invited to the best studios.

In THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION you will find all shades of "pink" writing—the deep, glowing pink of "Critic," the violet-edged pink of Raymond Mortimer, the purple-patched pink of G. W. Stonier, the dusky pink of David Garnett, the cheerful, shining pink of "Y.Y.," the green-spotted pink of Desmond Shawe-Taylor and John Mair.

You want the best opinions—we have them. If you can air our views on the Prime Minister, Trotsky, Brodzky, James Joyce or the latest film at the Empire, you will always be the life and soul of the party. READ "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION" AND SEE THE WORLD

L. W. BAILY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 335.—PINKIE

G = 7th letter of the alphabet.
Dividing code number by 7, we obtain

152461518439183211912014914 5

Substituting the 15th, 24th, 6th, 15th, 18th, 4th, etc., letters of the alphabet, the message reads:

OXFORD CIRCUS AT NINE.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. R. Smith, 2 Grove End House, Highgate Road, N.W.5.

Five points are awarded.

PROBLEM 334.—THE SCREW STREET GANG

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: D. A. S. Cairns, 3 Tideswell Road, Putney, S.W.15.

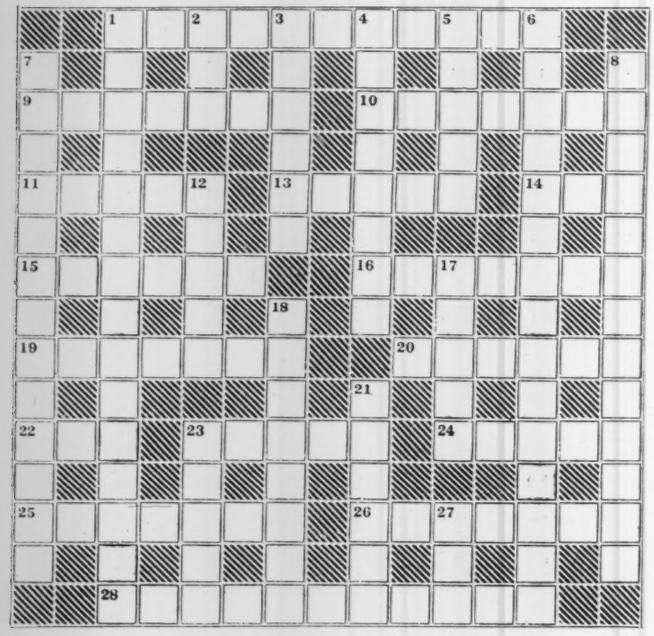
Six points are awarded.

I shall hope to reply individually, in the course of the next week or so, to a number of solvers who have been kind enough to write to me.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 484

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. Shirren, 5 Warn'am Road, Horsham

ACROSS

1. Reach-me-downs are stocked on them no doubt. (11)
9. In the picture within. (7)
10. He finds her a wonderful object. (7)
11. You'll get it with the sun here. (5)
13. Live in reality. (5)
14 (rev.) and 22. Summer ermine. (3)
15. "— the map of Europe," said Pitt. (6)
16. Gesture accompanying "Kameradarie" in the War. (7)
19. An animal looks most natural in it. (7)
20. The opposite of closer. (6)
22. See 14. (3)
23. Star in aspic. (5)
24. An item at auction to make game. (5)
25. No good-looking person would be so sighted. (7)
26. Enrage and fume. (7)
28. Dwellings in which no one is at home. (11)

DOWN

1. Many consider this the one drawback to a holiday in France. (15)
2. See 27. (3)
3. He was put in over the heads of two editors. (6)
4. With water pistols? (8)
5. Encountered me before rising. (5)
6. "Weighty" discourses. (15)
7. Representations are commonly confined within such limits. (13)
8. You are at present intentionally at these. (13)
12. Give us cod for a change. (5)
17. Country for a 'plane crash. (5)
18. Don't go the pace? (8)
21. Because of it Calicut is a stuffy place. (6)
23. You might suppose that he was nationally vegetarian. (5)
27 and 2 (rev.). So I can create it. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	I	S	C	U	I	T	■	P	U	R	I	S	T	S
A	■	T	■	N	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	M	■	H
T	R	A	F	A	L	G	A	R	S	Q	U	A	R	E
T	■	R	■	W	■	E	■	A	■	U	■	L	■	P
E	N	T	R	A	N	T	■	S	T	E	A	L	T	H
R	■	U	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	S	■	T	■	E
S	U	R	T	E	E	S	■	L	O	T	H	A	I	R
E	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	L	■	D
A	N	S	W	E	R	S	■	R	E	B	U	K	E	S
P	■	■	■	W	■	U	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	B
A	W	A	K	E	N	S	■	P	L	A	T	E	A	U
R	■	M	■	L	■	T	■	A	■	S	■	L	■	S
K	A	B	B	A	L	A	■	C	A	T	F	I	S	H
■	■	L	■	M	■	I	■	K	■	E	■	T	■	■
■	N	E	W	B	O	N	D	S	T	R	E	E	T	■

Company Meeting

VENEZUELAN OIL CONCESSIONS

GREATER PRODUCTION ACTIVITY

The twenty-third ordinary annual general meeting of The Venezuelan Oil Concessions, Ltd., was held on June 12th in London.

Sir Andrew Agnew, C.B.E. (the chairman), presided, and after referring to the resignation of Lord Bearsted from the board, said: (in part): I will now review the profit and loss account, and in so doing must ask you to have the exchange factor clearly in mind. On the credit side of the account the first item, Oil Proceeds and Value of Oil Stock, shows an increase of £1,150,000, being £6,450,000 for 1938. This increase is largely attributable to the greater quantity of oil produced and sold.

INCREASED EXPENDITURE

Turning now to the expenditure side, we find marked increases in 1938 compared with 1937. This is due to the greater production and adverse Bolivar exchange and also to the very considerable additional labour costs. Drilling, Production and Field Expenses are £3,406,000 against £2,440,000 in 1937.

In continuation of the policy adopted in recent years, a further addition of £250,000 has been made to the Exploration and General Reserve, bringing this to a total of £1,000,000. This reserve, as you are aware, has been created as a provision against the cost of the exploration and development work of the Venezuelan Oil Development Co., Ltd.

A large proportion of the increased expenditure is brought about by measures designed to advance the welfare of our employees.

In view of our very much increased expenditure it is fortunate that we were again able to increase our output last year and to find a ready market for it through our association with the Royal Dutch-Shell Group. In this connection I would like to state that the arrangements with our Buyers are on the most friendly and accommodating basis.

Our intensive development carried out last year, including the bringing into production of the important new Bachaquero field—from which regular production was commenced in August and shipment of oil in November—resulted in our building up a considerably increased potential production. This has enabled the development programme to be decreased, and here we may look for appreciable economies.

As you will have seen from the report, more than half of our production continues to be derived from the Lagunillas field proper and more than one quarter from its Northern extension at Tia Juana. Even with the advent of the new Bachaquero field, these proportions are being approximately maintained, since, although the potentialities of Bachaquero are considered to be on a par with those of Lagunillas, we are adopting the policy of not exploiting new territory on a more intensive scale than is called for by sound technique.

We are continuing actively with our policy of searching for additional reserves of productive territory. The greater part of our production and already proved reserves comprises heavy crudes, and the principal object of our programme is the discovery of better quality oil.

Our production during 1938 was about 15 per cent. above that for 1937. After this increase, which of course represents a greater proportional rise than the general growth of consumption, the present year is intended to be one of consolidation rather than expansion.

RELATIONS WITH THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT

With the desire to maintain our position, we are working in the closest collaboration with the Venezuelan Government, with the object of assisting that country to play its full part in the progressive expansion of the oil industry, and to do so under conditions which carry out the Venezuelan Government's sound and firm resolve to improve the conditions of its people.

For several years past the total crude oil production of the world has been in excess of the total concurrent demand. This surplus crude oil has served to increase the stocks held by the various operating companies, and while it is logical to have somewhat larger stocks than previously, in line with the increasing magnitude of the oil industry and in view of the uncertain conditions maintaining in the world, care must be taken to ensure that this tendency is not overdone.

In the case of last year an important feature was the fact that the world's oil consumption, which in previous recent years has been increasing on average by some 8 per cent. annually, showed no appreciable increase in 1938 as compared with 1937. It is even possible that there was a slight decrease, the doubt being occasioned by the fact that reliable statistics regarding Russia are not available. This pause in the upward trend of oil consumption is all the more noteworthy in view of the large quantities of oil products which have recently been absorbed by various Governments in connection with their rearmament programmes. It can only be accounted for by the general uncertainty created throughout the world by the political conditions which we have recently been experiencing. Until general conditions become more stable it would not seem justified to count upon resumption of the rapid rate of expansion to which we have become accustomed.

The report was adopted and a final dividend of 1s. 7d. per share, less tax, making a total of 2s. 3d. per share for the year ended December 31st, 1938, was approved.

NORTHERN IRELAND IS GRAND FOR GOLF

Northern Ireland is famous for Golf as well as scenery. The leading Hotels are:—**MIDLAND STATION HOTEL, BELFAST.** Belfast's foremost Hotel. Ideal centre for Northern Ireland. **NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL, PORTRUSH.** Close to Royal Portrush Golf Club. Indoor Seawater Swimming Pool.

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Plebs

If you can find nothing to interest you in *Plebs* see a doctor. Here are the contents of the June issue:—

Conscription—the Price of Empire; Defending Their Non-existent Toothbrushes; German Plots in Patagonia; Nationalism and Imperialism; The End of Racketeering in American Trade Unions; Ancients of the Earth; American Labour To-day; Philosophers at War; The Tory Ladies and the Cat. Contributors include T. A. Jackson, Raymond Postgate, J. P. M. Millar, J. G. Crowther, Patrick Gordon Walker, Lester Hutchinson and Reginald Reynolds.

3d. (4d. post free) or 4/- per year from the N.C.L.C., 15, South Hill Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET REACTION—SIR JOHN SIMON AND THE WALL STREET OUTLOOK—RADIO SHARES

MARKETS were once again under the influence of politics this week. On Monday and Tuesday it was Danzig and on Wednesday it was Tientsin. The gilt-edged market has now fallen about 1½ points over the past fortnight and the new loans, such as South Africa and Northern Ireland, have lost their premiums. City of Montreal stocks fell heavily on the disclosure that the city had an overdraft of £8,000,000 and that the banks had refused further credits. This problem, however, should not be difficult to settle seeing that the municipality is both rich and conservative. Industrial shares, including oils, have followed the downward trend of gilt-edged. Oils were particularly affected by the disappointing dividend declaration of Anglo-Iranian. I would hazard a guess that the distribution of 20 per cent. (against 25 per cent.) for 1938 was dictated by political rather than economic considerations. The reduction in profits from £7,455,094 to £6,109,477 seems more than can be explained by the fall in oil prices. Coal shares were not moved by the scheme proposed by the Coal Commission for reorganisation by merger. If anything, the shares were easier. The gold share market is going through its dividend season and so far no unpleasant shocks have been administered. Indeed, market estimates of dividends have been exceeded in some cases, but share prices have been little affected. Generally speaking, the present market reaction is nothing abnormal in the light of the May advance, but a worsening of the political situation abroad might quickly turn it into serious proportions.

* * *

My sympathy goes out to the American stockbroking firms with branch offices in London whose business in Great Britain has been killed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On April 20th Sir John Simon stated that in his opinion the export of capital at present was undesirable in the general national interest. On May 2nd he declared that he did not propose to discourage transactions in foreign securities where vendor and purchaser were both resident in Great Britain, or the purchase abroad of securities of a British Dominion expressed in terms of the currency of that Dominion, but he hoped that the private investor would respond to his statement of April 20th just as the institutional investor had responded to the unofficial embargo on foreign issues and placings imposed by the Foreign Transactions Advisory Committee. The American brokers in London agreed last week at an informal meeting to co-operate with Sir John Simon: they decided to refrain from distributing in Great Britain their lists of dollar securities and, if they sent out circulars, to print a warning that they are not inviting clients to increase their holdings of American stocks. This is extremely handsome of them, particularly as they might have pointed out that Sir John Simon was over-stating his case. In the first five months of 1939 the value of imports has fallen more than that of exports, so that the adverse balance of trade was £23 millions less than in the corresponding period of 1938. And why should Sir John Simon be so concerned about our investments in the United States, anyhow? In the event of war British nationals will no doubt be compelled to hand over their American securities to the Treasury, and the British Government will be grateful to find itself possessed of dollar assets which will be as valuable as gold in obtaining credit for munitions. If the purchase of dollar securities begins to put a strain on the exchange, and so tends to induce a rise in the internal price level, then an exchange control should be imposed at once. The City wants more honest control and less grandmotherly interference.

* * *

There is no inducement, of course, to invest in dollar securities at the moment, for Wall Street is showing every sign of stalemate. And I see no prospect of a recovery while the American trade outlook remains so uninviting. What is the cause of this economic stagnation in the United States? The Government is still merrily spending. Last month the Senate actually added $400 millions to the Government's appropriation for agriculture in the coming fiscal year, indicating that there is no longer any Congressional opposition to the Roosevelt spending policy. The country is thus still enjoying a "consumer" economy and trade is not likely to fall back much further. But it cannot go forward while private enterprise remains "deflationist" and refrains from all capital investment except that of an urgent nature. This "deflationism" is due partly to the proximity of the 1940 Presidential elections but mainly to the depressing effect of excessive capital taxation. *Fortune* recently gathered together fifteen prominent men, known to disagree in general outlook, for a round-table conference on the tax policy of the Government. These men all agreed that American taxation of capital was more severe than that of Great Britain and that "unless Government frankly enters the field of productive investment and socialises the economy, venture capital needed to stimulate new enterprise will disappear, and our economy will remain in a condition of stagnation under which unemployment will continue to exist." Walter Lippman, commenting in the *New York Herald Tribune* on the fact that the opposition in Congress to President Roosevelt's policy had collapsed, suggested that in the next phase of the New Deal the ordinary budget would be kept separate from the capital budget and that in the capital budget large scale public investment would become a permanent feature of the national policy. In other words, it will be left to Mr. Roosevelt's Government to do the investing if private enterprise refuses to play. Until then—stagnation. So Wall Street faces another period of desultory trading until the next Hitler scare forces it to unload in a panic.

* * *

Shareholders in radio manufacturing companies can derive little encouragement from recently published earnings statements. In the case of Pye, whose past dividend record has been eminently satisfactory, the 1938–39 net profit has fallen from £68,259 to £45,306, a fall of 33⅓ per cent., while E. K. Cole's net earnings, at £8,637, show a decline on the year of £4,316, or 50 per cent. Ever since 1937 it has been obvious that the radio industry has reached a saturation point which could be post-dated only by finding fresh users or selling television sets. The first possibility is rendered less likely by the Government's decision to renew for ten years the licenses of the companies operating broadcast relay exchanges. As for television, with all respect to the recent collective advertising campaign, I can find no evidence that it is rapidly "catching on," and I fear profits on sets sold are exiguous. Normal replacement demand for ordinary radio sets is insufficient to keep the industry working to capacity. On the whole the share holders of E. K. Cole and Pye would be better off in E.M.I. 10/- shares at par in view of the latter's wider interest.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING SERVICE

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Company Meeting

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED

THE 51st Annual General Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., was held on June 8th.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman of Directors, said :—

Our trading profit, after providing for contributions to Staff Pension Funds, Management Remuneration, Income Tax and National Defence Contribution amounts to £951,009—an increase of £10,677.

The profits before taxation have only once been beaten and that was in 1936–7, when chemists' trade was exceptionally good. The figures on our Profit and Loss Account emphasise the heavy burden of taxation which is now being borne by industry.

Repairs and Renewals, whilst less than the abnormally high figure of last year, are well up to our average of the past few years. Depreciation shows an increase of over £11,000.

CONTINGENCIES RESERVE

We used £15,000 from the Contingencies Reserve to pay for special Air Raid Precautions expenditure. As further developments may necessitate an indeterminate additional expenditure, your Directors feel that the best way of facing this contingency is to consolidate the Works Development and Air Raid Precautions Reserves and bring them up to £100,000. The Freehold Reserve has been increased by our usual allocation.

Owing to the uncertainty of business conditions at the present time, your Directors, while not considering it necessary to increase the General Reserve, feel very strongly that it is prudent to have a substantial Contingencies Reserve which would be available if the need arose.

DIVIDEND PAYMENTS

The net balance amounts to £776,292—an increase of £13,667. After payment of all Preference and Preferred Ordinary Dividends, and of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent., less tax on Ordinary Shares, we have a balance of £295,542, which, together with the balance brought forward, amounts to £642,272 against £598,862 last year. Your Directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 3d. per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary Shares, absorbing £80,000. This, together with the allocations to which I have already referred, will leave £248,724 to be carried forward to next year.

EMERGENCY STOCKS

During the past year our total stock was turned over at a faster rate than ever before—and this, in spite of the fact that we felt it desirable prior to the crisis last autumn to increase our stocks of essential drugs, surgical goods and first-aid requisites. Our precautions proved more than justified, for we were sold out of the increased stocks in our branches in a very short time.

The Ministry of Health has advised all hospitals to carry a month's stocks of essential drugs and dressings. It is clear from our experience last autumn that the need is no less urgent for the public to provide themselves with essential medical requirements. In fairness to themselves, to the manufacturers and distributors, and particularly to the transport services, those who can, should lay in a stock of first-aid requisites and everyday medicines before a possible emergency, and not wait until too late.

NEW BRANCHES

During the past year we have opened fewer branches than usual, but, in addition to 20 new branches, which brings the total up to 1,195, we closed five and we have rebuilt, enlarged and improved 50, and actually our expenditure on shop properties exceeded that of any previous year. There is a perpetual demand for more space in order to store and display the continually increasing number of items offered for sale.

RECORD SALES.

We are beginning to reap the benefit of our new factories in reduced manufacturing costs, which we have already passed on to our customers in the form of lower prices for a number of articles. In a year of disturbed conditions and heavy unemployment our total sales transactions again beat all previous figures and increased by over four million, while the number of prescriptions dispensed increased by over half a million and was easily a record.

Our figures reflect the great care which was taken, and which in point of fact is continuously taken to control every item of our expenditure.

NEW BEESTON BUILDINGS

The new dry goods factory and the building which comprises the new canteen and the school for juvenile workers were opened at Beeston during the year and have proved a most valuable and highly appreciated addition to the Beeston group. We now possess premises worthy of the school which has contributed so much to the creation of a contented, keen and efficient staff. During the year over 19,000 visitors were shown over the Beeston factory that has won tributes from so many quarters and is regarded as a model of what a factory should be from the point of view of both the work performed and the workers.

MEDICAL SPECIALTIES

Our Medical Specialties are increasingly prescribed by the medical profession as their worth becomes better known.

Two years ago I mentioned that we had sent representatives to Toronto to obtain the earliest information about Protamine Insulin (with Zinc) Suspension. This step has been fully justified since the product has become of increasing importance. That the manufacture of this product is not controlled in this country by foreign interests is due solely to our action.

AGRICULTURE

The sales of our Agricultural Products are steadily increasing. During the past year our Veterinary Department in conjunction with official bodies, have carried out a great deal of research, and two of the results which have proved very successful have been for the treatment of Black-head disease in turkeys and Sway-back disease among sheep.

HORTICULTURE

Our Research Department have done a great deal of investigation on rooting stimulants in association with high authorities on the biological side of the work. Whilst we are actively pursuing what I might term "long range" scientific work, we have also taken steps to cater for the hundreds of thousands of amateur gardeners in this country.

You will recall that a year ago we appointed Mr. C. H. Middleton, of broadcasting fame, as our Horticultural Consultant. During the past year we have organised a series of public meetings for garden-lovers in eleven cities, and Mr. Middleton has addressed large and enthusiastic audiences.

EXPORT TRADE

It is especially gratifying to be able to report a steady increase in our export trade during a period when the general conditions for foreign trade were deteriorating. Export trade is a matter of such vital importance to the country that we intend to develop energetically all possible openings in this direction, either on our own account or possibly in co-operation with other pharmaceutical manufacturers.

STAFF PENSION FUND

The first valuation of the General Staff Pension Fund, which was inaugurated on 1st April, 1935, has now been completed. It shows that while the surplus was somewhat less than had been provisionally estimated the fund is established on a sound basis.

The two chief factors affecting the result were, firstly, the rate of mortality was considerably lower than that expected from the official tables, and, secondly, practically the whole of the funds were invested in Gilt Edged Securities, which, whilst providing a sound foundation, gave a low yield.

TRIBUTE TO STAFF

Once again I am delighted to put on record our keen appreciation of the contribution made by the staff to the success of the firm and to the high esteem in which it is held by the public. The knowledge that the staff can be relied upon to do their utmost for the company in all circumstances is a source of great strength to us and provides ample justification, if justification were needed, for all the schemes of staff welfare to which I have referred again and again in my annual speeches.

We have special reason to be proud of the splendid way in which they faced the many problems which confronted them last September.

NATIONAL SERVICE

For many years we have granted full pay to Territorials whilst in Camp, and given them their full holidays with pay in addition to the fortnight spent in Camp. When the scheme for training women for the Civil Nursing Reserve was announced, we decided to place those attending their hospital course on the same footing as the Territorials, namely, to grant full pay in addition to their paid holidays. This applies in peace time, both in the case of men and women Territorials and Auxiliary Nurses, but does not apply to the men called up under the Military Service Act, whose places will, of course, be kept open for them.

A.R.P.

During the past two years we have been training volunteers for our own A.R.P. requirements. In addition, we have a large number trained for Local Authorities schemes. Altogether in the Defence Services and trained or under training for A.R.P. in either our own or local authorities schemes, we have 5,200 people.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

He would be a rash man who would venture at the present time to hazard any forecast of the coming year's results. In normal times the affairs of this country are conducted on the assumption that there is no danger of war in the next ten years. Until it is once again safe to make an assumption of that sort, it will not be possible to look ahead with any degree of certainty. But with this proviso it is perhaps permissible to call attention to the brighter side of the picture.

At the present time trade as a whole is good in spite of bad patches in the country, and we are fortunate in having branches situated in districts where there has been a great improvement in unemployment figures, as well as in places where trade is not so good. We have a great and growing goodwill both on the Professional side of our business and also with the Public at large. We look ahead, therefore, without complacency, but with complete confidence in the knowledge that we are prepared, as far as it is humanly possible to be prepared, for anything that the future may bring.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly: with dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE. Aylmer Vallance personally recommends comfortable croft lodgings, excellent cooking, running water, h. and c, sea boat. Vacancies. July, August, September. Apply MRS. ROSS, Skerricha, Rhiconich, By Lairg.

ROSS-ON-WYE, Quiet, bracing, sunny situation. Excellent cuisine. Separate tables. Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswold, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeareland, &c. Endless entertainment. Sport for all. Illustrated Guide free from DEPT. 8, Town Hall, Cheltenham. TRAVEL BY RAIL.

ABERYSTWYTH. Ideal sea and country holidays. Beautiful situation. Modern. MASON, "Gwyldwr," Llanbadarn. 'Phone: 617.

LAKELAND. Buttermere Valley. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth, Cumberland. 3 *gns.* weekly. 'Phone: Lorton 240.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; staghunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

UNIQUE Holiday. House party in beautiful house, Cooden Beach, Sussex. Hard and grass tennis courts, 3 minutes sea and golf course. Reasonable terms. NEWMAN, 25 Buckland Crescent, London, N.W.3. Prim. 1984.

THE CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, N. Devon. Summer holiday for young children. Mrs. Volkmer, B.A.

PARK HOUSE, Black Notley, Braintree, Essex. 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6*s.* a day.

DEVON. Farmhouse accommodation. Quiet, homely. Borders of Exmoor. WEBBER, Batsworthy, Rackenford, Tiverton.

DEVON. Comfortably furnished bungalow to let Tiverton district. Sleep 6. Moderate rent. ARNOLD, 29 Bedonwell Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.

BUNGALOW near St. Mawes, Cornwall. Serviceably furnished for 6; garage; Elsan sanitation. Perfect views of Fal. Vacant now till July 20th. What offers? MRS. RIDDLE, 4 Talbot Houses, Blackheath, S.E.3.

TO LET FURNISHED. Delightful little house on the Downs, Saltdean, 7 mins. sea. Sleep 5. Garage. 42 Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.10.

IDEALLY situated seaside cottage. Safe bathing sand, solitude. To let till August. WILSON, 29 Cholmeley Crescent, N.6. MOU. 3806.

COMFORTABLE Guest House, facing sea; large garden; good cuisine. CRUICKSHANK, Red Brick House, Seaford.

WYE VALLEY. Vegetarian Guest House. Terms on application. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

XVIth-CENTURY Cottage Guest House. Beautiful country. Near sea. NEALE, Loders, Bridport.

ACHILL, West Ireland. Dugort Hotel, amidst magnificent cliff and mountain scenery; golden strands. Special reduction for families. Apply MISS LAVELLE.

CORNWALL, Penzance. Comfortable Guest House. Close sea. From 37*s.* 6*d.* "Westbourne," Alexandra Road. Tel.: 896.

SUSSEX DOWNS. Small modern guest house; homely, comfortable. Ideal walking centre. 2½–3 *gns.* Wyvern, Salvington Hill, Worthing. Swandean 355.

SUSSEX, facing South Downs. Superior Country Residence; every modern comfort; home produce, excellent cooking. Highly recommended. Inclusive terms: 42*s.* weekly. "The Chase," Albourne. Tel.: Hurstpierpoint 2165.

QUANTOCKS, Somerset. Private sitting-rooms. El. lt. Bath. 3 *gns.* BOOBIER, Glenclose, Holford.

SOMERSET. Centre walking, motoring tours; quiet, comfortable residence, easy distance sea, golf, polo. Garage. MRS. BRIGHT, Battins Guest House, Alcombe, Minehead.

EASTBOURNE. "Mona House," Compton Street. Small comf. pte. hotel. Two mins. sea, Devonshire Pk. Excellent cuisine, service. Mod. inc. terms. MATTHEWS. 'Phone: 2597.

FOR peaceful holiday, perfect surroundings, unlimited walks, easily accessible, stay at Timberscombe Guest House, Fernhurst, Haslemere. Tel.: Fernhurst 6.

Holiday Suggestions

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

"HIGHTREE." Leintwardine, Bucknell. Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ *gns.* Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honister Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. (Reduced terms.)

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

BESIDES its New £80,000 Baths and "All Inclusive" Cure Scheme HARROGATE offers wonderful attractions. September 18th to 23rd, SIR THOMAS BEECHAM and LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA will be at the Musical Festival. Details from L. A. WILSHERE, Information Bureau. Cheap Monthly Returns by Rail.

KILDARE. Grand riding holiday. Fishing. Terms, £2 10*s.* MRS. DIX, Lios Cluana, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, SANDOWN. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. On the Sea Front. H. & C. all rooms. Centre of Sandown's beautiful Bay. Excellent Cuisine and Cellar. Garage. First-class Hotel at moderate terms. Illustrated Tariff on application to MANAGER. Telephone: Sandown 87.

IRELAND, West Coast. Gray's Hotel, Dugort, Achill Island. Overlooking finest safe bathing strand in Ireland. Fishing, boating, riding. Apply MRS. GRAY.

GUESTS invited to VIth-century farmhouse. Every modern convenience. Own produce. Excellent food. Riding, golf, swimming, bridge. Beautiful walks. Allerds Farm, Farnham Royal, Bucks.

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful home; 14 bedrooms, hot and cold running water, private bathrooms, electric light. Large peaceful garden. Tennis. Own vegetables, chickens and eggs. Good cooking. Efficient service. Garage. Golf and riding. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Beautifully situated own grounds overlooking sea and downs. Golf adjacent. Excellent cooking. Garage. YOUNG, Stonehenge, Chale.

ELIZABETHAN Farmhouse. Home produce. Modern comforts. Tennis, fishing. Telephone: 249. HONEYSETT, Tenterden, Kent.

WORTHING. Aller House, Private Hotel. Central position, all modern comforts, good garden, garage. Terms from 2½ *gns.* 'Phone: 1749.

PAIGNTON Hotel Atherfield, Cleveland Road; 3 minutes sea. H.C. Gas fires bedrooms. Interior springs. Inclusive moderate charges.

COME EARLY. Safe, Sunny, Quiet. Facing sea beach. Safe bathing. Tennis, golf. Facilities young children. Rookcliff, Milford-on-Sea, Hants.

ENGLISH LAKES
LANGDALE ESTATE offers unique and varied accommodation admidst 25 acres of private grounds situated in this beautiful Lakeland valley. Furnished cottages, guest house, sleeping cabins and the new Pillar Hotel. Illustrated booklet (N.): MANAGER, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week. Apply MANAGER.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

TELSCOMBE CLIFFS, nr. BRIGHTON. Modern Furnished Bungalow with garage. Sleep five. July/August, 4–5 *guineas.* Box 5364.

IDEAL sandy beach, safe bathing. Furn. coastguard's cottage, Suffolk. Sleep 7 and cot. Now till July 21st, 35*s.* per week; July 21st–Aug. 4th and Sept. 1st–22nd, 3 *gns.* weekly. GANE, 43 Heath Drive. Potters Bar 390.

WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Quiet holidays near sea and Downs. Home-made fare. 42*s.* SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

WILTSHIRE DOWNS. Small social club (licensed) with premises in old FARMHOUSE standing in 4½ acres, RIGHT AWAY FROM ALL TRAFFIC, offers accommodation for holidays or longer. Own produce, really GOOD ENGLISH COOKING, and individual attention. Riding, bathing, tennis, etc., in neighbourhood. Terms: 3½ *gns.* INCLUSIVE of garage, stabling, etc., etc. Absolutely No EXTRAS. Apply ARNOTT, Burton Grange, Mere, Wilts. (Tel.: Mere 14.)

ROMAN WALL. Ideal walking. Modern house. Garden. GIRLING, Broomlea, Bardon Mill, Northumberland.

EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7*s.* 6*d.* nightly; from 63*s.* weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

ACHILL HEAD HOTEL, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Situated amidst magnificent scenery. Hot and cold running water. Motor launch belonging to Hotel for deep-sea fishing and cruising. Electric light. Fully licensed. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.A. appointments. Full particulars apply JOHN MACNAMARA (Proprietor).

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2*d.* stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 125.

A HOUSE-PARTY for SCHOOLGIRLS is being formed—BEXHILL-ON-SEA—Hard court, supervised SEA-BATHING. Excursions. Happy time assured. Thirty-five shillings weekly. Write Miss E. NURSE, 80 Dorset Road.

NORTH WALES. Beddgelert. Charming small hotel. Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, Rivers and Peace. Seven miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

RURAL DEVON. MR. and MRS. HINKSON receive few gentlefolk at Budaire, Highampton. Own dairy produce. From 2½ *gns.*

LOWESTOFT, Grand Hotel. Private sea front. Completely modern, excellent cuisine and service. Bathing, Tennis, Bowls, Dancing, Concerts. Garage. Fully lic., mod. inclus. terms. Brochure No. 31 from SECRETARY.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small, quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13*s.* 6*d.* per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

ACCESSIBLE yet peaceful countryside with magnificent views. Comfortable beds. Separate tables. Fruit and cream a spécialité. Bus route. Linton Hall. Ross-on-Wye.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas.*

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

PERRANPORTH. The famous Summer Theatre adds to the natural charm of a Cornish holiday. Sully's Hotel. 'Phone: 41.

THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ *guineas* weekly.

BOORD'S, Batcombe, Bath, for Mendips, Glastonbury Wells. Good cooking and comfort. JAMES.

Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 959

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS
—continued from page 598

FARMER'S daughter offers accommodation in own home; farm produce, good food, every comfort. Near town, sea and golf. 2½ *gns.* inclusive. MANUELL, Deloraine, River Walk, St. Austell, Cornwall.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2.

CORNWALL. Glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Comfortably furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period—holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Village near. Book now for summer holidays. Terms and photos. Sevier, Pendeen Cornwall.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

DARTMOOR. Delightful Guest House, near golf and fishing. Own horses. Inclusive terms for riding guests. Bagtor House, Ilsington, Newton Abbot. Haytor 203.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse accommodation. Modern conveniences. Touring centre. Garage. Terms 45*s.* weekly. Penfrane, Liskeard. (Dobwalls 245.)

W. SUSSEX XVth Cent. Guest House. Downs, garden, tennis. Ideal walking centre. Coast, 11 miles. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. (Sutton 229.)

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet.

DEVON AND CORNWALL. Ideal Holiday Centres. Free illustrated brochure No. 25: SEASIDE AND COUNTRY GUEST HOUSES, LTD., Dawlish.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Homely board-residence, 42*s.* weekly. Ideal quiet holiday, overlooking sea. York House, 29 Cantelupe Road.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House (Seaford 3008). Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

DEVON. Board-residence. Glorious position, minute sea. Ideal touring centre. "FOUNTENAY," COMBEMARTIN.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors, Schoolboys and Girls; also a "Popular Art" party. Dates and prices from: Society for Cultural Relations, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

SWITZERLAND, SCHWYZ. Hotel Sonnenberg for sunshine, health and pleasure. Excellent cookery, all diets. Unrivalled view. Typical Swiss countryside. Trips arranged. Terms from £2 15*s.* p. week. All inclusive.

PRALOGNAN, Savoie. Alpes, alt. 4,800ft. Hotel de la Vanoise. Pension 62–70 fs. Excellente cave. Cuisine du pays. Eau courante. Promenades. Alpinisme.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

FRANCE. Limited number children and young people welcomed in pleasant house, Versailles; every mod. cft.; gdn.; exc. table; near forest, good schools; easy reach Paris; AUG.-SEPT., SEASIDE; every care and family life. Eng. refs. MME. BIELSCHOWSKY, Le Chesnay, S. et O., 5, av. de Maintenon. Tel.: Vers. 17-35.

BELGIAN coast, quiet resort. Lady takes paying guests. Excellent cuisine. Homely atmosphere. Moderate terms. Write Box 8, Residence, Digue de Mer, Nieuport-Bains, Belgium.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s.* inclusive.

BELGIUM. Coq-sur-mer. Pension Normandy, on dunes, sea view, all comforts, excellent cuisine. From 6*s.* 6*d.* Family prices.

SWITZERLAND, LUGANO. Hotel Quisisana for every comfort. Beautiful gardens. Excellent cuisine. All diets. Swimming-pool. Terms 9–12 Sw. Francs.

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